

# Grail

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## ■ SHADE OF HIS HAND

As we put Good Friday behind us and hungrily embrace the delights of Paschaltide, there is a temptation to have done with the Cross of sacrifice until another Lenten season...as if the Cross were a seasonal thing in the life of a Christian like hot cross buns on Good Friday and the strains of the Stabat Mater during Lent.

Far from being relieved at the lifting of the Cross from our lives, we should on the contrary become upset if its salutary shadow no longer touches us closely. As a matter of fact, the worst thing that can happen to a Christian is to be without the Cross, or to go through life without a crucified body and an aching heart. The worst thing God can do to a Christian is to let him frightfully alone, uncrucified by the stigmata of pain, and unbroken by a personal Gethsemani of the soul. For, to be left entirely alone in our private security and undisturbed comfort is to be lost indeed.

If our life, even after the singing of the Easter alleluias, is filled with bodily pain or distress of mind, it is not "bad luck" or a "jinx." Rather, it is a sign that God still cares. This was the thought that persuaded Francis Thompson to write at the conclusion of his lovely poem, *The Hound of Heaven*:

Halts by me that footfall:  
Is my gloom, after all  
Shade of His hand, outstretched  
caressingly?  
'Ah fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee who  
dravest Me.'

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

# the GRAIL

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# *It's ALL politics!*

BY MARTIN M. McLAUGHLIN

■ *What you can do  
for better government*

**A** JANUARY 1945, Gallup poll asked this question: "If you had a son, would you like to see him go into politics as a life's work when he gets out of school?" The results were revealing: sixty-eight percent of those quizzed answered emphatically "No"; eleven percent were undecided; and only twenty-one percent thought that politics might be a satisfactory career.

There is little reason to think that this attitude has changed among the general public in the

intervening six years. People cling to the idea that politics is a dirty business; any number of good, well-meaning people feel this way. Why? Mainly, it seems, because they associate politics with corrupt machines, criminal-backed city and state bosses, graft, ambition, and complete indifference to the will of the people. There is a tendency to wash our hands of the

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**Martin M. McLaughlin is professor of Political Science at De Paul University.**

whole business and go our way without further concern about the processes of government—so mysterious and so remote.

This is an unfortunate attitude—and an unreasonable one. We have the privilege, which is by no means universal in the present era, of living in a democracy. What is special about our representative democracy is not that it erases the distinction between those who rule and those who are ruled, but that it makes the power of rulers dependent upon and responsible to the will of the ruled.

There is a minority who rule; these are the politicians. There is a majority who are ruled; these are we, the people. It is the task of the minority to lead, to blend the various interests of the majority into a coherent line of action, to integrate. It is the task of the majority to accept or reject this line and this leadership. That is simply another way of saying that in this country government rests upon the consent of the governed—a principle enshrined in our Declaration of Independence. This consent is expressed formally and definitively in elections—at which time the leaders or rulers, and the policies they pursue, are endorsed or repudiated.

Since these policies and these leaders largely determine our way of living, it would seem only reasonable to take some interest in

them. If only forty-three percent of the registered voters turn out for a local election, how can we claim to have democracy, popular sovereignty, rule of the people, etc.? And when seventy-five percent of those voters have only a vague idea, if any, of the merits of the men or issues on which they are about to express their opinion, how can we say that the results are an intelligent expression of the popular will? Common sense would seem to indicate that responsibilities so grave must not be shirked.

THE twentieth century has witnessed a growing concern in the Church for what may be called the lay apostolate in political life. Pope Pius XI has spoken of the "nobility" of the political vocation and pointed out that it has a dignity and value second only to that of religion in serving and harmonizing the public order. Pope Pius XII has repeatedly emphasized the civic responsibility of the citizen in a democracy. His Christmas message of 1944 goes farther than the Church has ever gone before in the direction of blessing a particular form of government: "Considering the extent and nature of the sacrifices demanded of all citizens, especially in our day when the activity of the State is so vast and decisive, the democratic form of government appears to many a postulate



of nature imposed by reason itself." The freedom which democracy guarantees is necessary if the layman is to channel the grace of God, which he receives through the Church, into public life—bring Christ incarnate into political life, to help prepare the transfiguration. . . .

This freedom also imposes a responsibility; if the citizen is to be such a channel of grace, he must participate in the decisions which affect him and which affect the common good of the society in which he lives—the decisions in regard to public policy. He has to be himself an agent of the common good, the general welfare, which is the real purpose of government.

The Popes and other churchmen who define and urge the duty of the average man in this respect have given evidence that they are at least as aware as we are of the seamy side of politics. Corruption, bribery, rigging of elections, self-seeking, spoils-taking, abuse of power, etc.—all these evils are recognized. But there is no counsel of despair. "It is wrong," says Pius XII, "for Christians to shut their eyes and close their arms, alleging that nothing can be done."

This last statement is quoted by the hierarchy of Australia in their admirable 1950 social-action message, "Morality in Public Life." In this document the bishops are con-

cerned about a number of problems of the social order, but in politics mainly about two: the double standard of morality prevalent among Catholics and others in public affairs; and the "divorce of ordinary people from political life."

Although the first problem should not be minimized, it is with the latter that this article attempts to deal. How can we heal the breach? What can we do to change the unhappy situation which, by common consent, we see existing? Shall we "see no evil" and quietly go about our business? Shall we complain loudly and ineffectually? Shall we condemn politics (and perhaps all modern life) as intrinsically evil? Shall we dream of the "good old days"? No. We cannot do this and remain Christian. Reason, revelation, and authority underline the "No."

**WHAT**, then, is to be done? Several things.

1. VOTE: This would seem to be the bare minimum. No less an authority than Pius XII has made it clear that in certain circumstances failure to vote may be "a mortal sin of omission." But voting is, in a way, at the end of the process. Merely to go into the booth and pull down the party lever or put an X in the party circle is not enough. The vote has to be the vote of a reasonable man.

We have to know something about the candidates, something about the issues. Moreover, to vote in the general election is relatively ineffective; it often constitutes merely an endorsement of the lesser of two evils. The primary election is in many ways more important (and less patronized). That is where the candidates are chosen, and if the candidates are inferior, the general election does not represent a really significant choice.

**2. LEARN AND TEACH:** To render the election effective, it is necessary, therefore, to study the issues: what are the arguments for and against the extension of the sales tax, the public utility franchise, the public housing project, the proposed constitutional amendment, the mobilization of men and industry, the policy of the nation in Korea or Germany? What is the stand of each candidate on these issues? Who supports the candidate? Who supports the franchise, sales tax, amendment, etc.? When once we acquire this information—and many groups exist to give it (independent voters' leagues, civic associations, etc.)—it is important that it get around. We have to pass on to other voters the new insight we have achieved.

**3. JOIN:** The individual acting alone is swamped. As the Australian document (cited above)

continues: "Of all the factors distinguishing this century from the other nineteen of the Christian era, none is more significant than the overwhelming importance which organized bodies have assumed over the lives of individuals." According to a recent estimate there are in the neighborhood of 100,000 associations of all types (national, state-wide, and local) in the United States. All of these organizations have policies; and some of them, whether we know it or not, speak for us. Some are trade associations, some are unions, some are non-partisan political groups, some are political parties. Their policies are made by men, and they carry weight in government circles. We have a duty to make a Christian influence felt in the policies of these organizations; to do this we have to participate in their activities. Such participation takes time, and the universal complaint of the average man is that he has no time. All we can ask is that the decision about the use of time for these purposes be made on the basis of how *much* can be given, not how little.

**4. RUN:** Up to this point we have been speaking mainly of what the ordinary citizen can and should do. At one stage in his active life, he may be faced with the question of running for office—and there are thousands of elective of-

fices to run for. The decision to run very often commits the candidate to a career in politics, as we commonly understand it. One has to think unselfishly and realistically of his qualifications and his responsibilities—and of the sacrifices which a political career entails for an honest man (the most severe of which is probably the renunciation of his privacy). Nevertheless, effective democracy demands that we have in both elective and administrative positions persons of sound judgment and spiritual depth, who understand the principles “underlying a political and social order that is sound and that conforms to the norms of right and justice.” (Pius XII)

We cannot escape the conclusion that everyone has a vocation in and to politics—whether it is simply to vote intelligently in some local election, or to run for President of the United States. Though often forgotten, this is no new idea; back in the fourth century B. C. the great Greek philosopher Aristotle was defining a citizen as

one who has a share in the political office. What he meant is that one is a citizen to the degree in which he shares in the activity of ruling; his citizenship is measured by his participation. This is still true today.

The German social philosopher Max Weber claimed that the early Christians “knew full well the world is governed by demons and that he who lets himself in for politics, that is, for power and force as means, contracts with diabolical powers...” While this is undoubtedly unfair to the early Christians, it might describe rather accurately the attitude of some of the Christians of today. But if there are evils in political life, it is because through our apathy and our ignorance we permit and promote them. Despair is not the answer; improvement is possible. Optimism (even though perhaps tragic) is in order. If there are demons in politics, they are of our own creation. They can be replaced by honest men (not angels) only by our own action.

**“There are phantom men never tired of going to movies and sporting fields, night and day full of futile notions, provocative illustrations, light music—internally too empty to be interested or occupied in themselves. One can say they live in the world, but outside it, adrift in the world's current like inert cadavers.”**

***Pope Pius XII***



by Joseph A. Breig

**I**T is not at all improbable that within a generation or so the Catholics of this country will be venerating canonized martyrs who were citizens of the United States. And it will be among our proudest boasts that they were not martyred here under the Stars and Stripes; that their blood is not on the hands of any American.

## The Kremlin's Liv

**The technique of  
psychic martyrdom  
is one of the Kremlin's  
top secrets.**

We can be very proud of it; but we can also be proud that Americans have shown that they do not lack the courage and the grace to suffer and die for Christ. At least one American bishop is now in the hands of the Communists; as are American priests, Brothers and Sisters. We hope that they may be rescued; but if not, then we shall be proud to venerate them.

This is a century of martyrs. Rather, it is a quarter-century of martyrs. Under Hitler's Nazis, but above all under Stalin's Communists, men, women and children in uncounted numbers have died for God after suffering the kind of torments from which decent people avert their minds. The Church is going to be very busy for a long time attending to the canonizations.

Statistics are not of much use to us. Modern totalitarian govern-

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## 's Living Dead

ments have a way of wiping out their victims and leaving hardly a trace, but there are a few figures which will help us to realize the frightful sweep and scope of the persecution now raging.

A little more than a year ago, the Vatican reported that in addition to Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty, 33 archbishops, bishops and vicars general were imprisoned, exiled or otherwise "impeded" in their ministry under Communist governments. This did not include archbishops and bishops murdered.

About the same time, a survey by Italian Catholic Action disclosed that in the Soviet satellite nations—leaving out of account Russia itself—the Communists had murdered, imprisoned or deported to Siberia some 9,000 priests. And it is known, of course, that there are millions upon millions of prisoners—many of them Catholics—in the slave camps behind the iron curtain.

The thing that we must try to understand about the martyrs of

today is that they are martyred, many of them, not only in body but in their very innermost selves. There have been many ages of martyrs; but this is the age of the psychic martyr. It has remained for the enlightened and scientific twentieth century to attack the elect of God not only in their flesh and their bones, but in the depths of their personalities.

It is said of Cardinal Mindszenty, apparently on good authority, that he remembers nothing of the kangaroo court trial in which he was paraded as a spectacle for all the world. He is reported to have inquired repeatedly when his trial was to begin; when he would have the opportunity to challenge his accusers and give the lie to their slanders. Cardinal Mindszenty thus far has been denied physical martyrdom. He has been denied his entrance into heaven and his eternal crown. But he has already been spiritually martyred.

Exactly how this sort of thing is accomplished, we do not know. There is some mystery about the methods by which men can be "conditioned" to walk into mock courtrooms and "confess" to things of which all the world knows that they cannot be guilty. The techniques of spiritual martyrdom are among the Kremlin's top secrets.

There have been various explanations. One of the most vivid

was given by a Protestant minister—the Rev. Laszlo Vatai of the Hungarian Reformed Church—who escaped into the western world after having been tortured for more than two months in the Communist headquarters at 60 Andrassy Street, Budapest, where Cardinal Mindszenty also was “conditioned.”

Rev. Vatai, formerly a member of the Hungarian Parliament, said that the cunningly calculated attack on his sanity began with the assigning of four Communist secret policemen to shadow him wherever he went. This day-and-night surveillance was accompanied by repeated summons to police headquarters, where he was “politely” questioned over and over. The Communist cat had begun to play with its mouse.

On the night of January 21, 1947, said Rev. Vatai, he was arrested and taken to 60 Andrassy Street. There he was locked in an underground cell ten feet long, seven feet wide and seven feet high. And there he was left as if he had been completely forgotten—as if he had ceased to exist for the world, and the world had ceased to exist for him.

“For 74 terrible days,” he related, “I remained alone in that little dark, damp cell without any covering. The only food given me consisted of a cup of hot water called ‘soup’ in the morning, and

in the evening some bean soup with a little bread.”

Seventy-four days of it—until there must have settled upon the mind and spirit of Rev. Vatai such discouragement as would nearly crush a man’s soul. Then began the questioning—the endless, the maddeningly repetitious questioning which is designed to reduce its victim to a state in which he will admit anything, and hardly know what he is saying. Altogether, there were about 200 hours of such interrogation. Sometimes a single session lasted 20 hours.

This relentless spiritual torment, Rev. Vatai reported, was directed by a political police colonel who was a doctor in civilian life, and therefore was perfectly aware of the uses to which psychological torture could be put.

Among the most harrowing features of the endless questioning was the fact that Rev. Vatai was compelled to answer all the questions in writing. “It was not sufficient,” he said, “to answer a question once. I had to write the answer to the same question over and over again. The interrogators then scrutinized my written replies, looking for contradictions.”

Forewarned is forearmed. Rev. Vatai had realized from the beginning what the Communists were up to. He knew that they were bent on extorting a confes-

sion that he had "directed a conspiracy against the state." Despite his growing physical and mental exhaustion, he managed somehow to keep his wits about him and to avoid contradicting himself.

This combination of physical and mental torture having failed, the Communist police finally changed the procedure, and resorted to a trick that can only be called a searing of the very nerves leading to the most sensitive part of the brain. This is the story told by Rev. Vatai:

"A floodlight of blinding force was placed less than two feet from my eyes. The police forced me to look fixedly into the glaring mass which penetrated my brain like a knife, meanwhile answering their barrage of contradictory questions.

"I don't know how long it was before I suddenly began to feel my nervous system melting away. Gradually a series of terrible sensations which became more and more unbearable gripped me in different parts of the body.

"I shall never forget that in the midst of this torture I first noticed strange symptoms of schizophrenia taking place in me. One part of me was coolly sizing up the other, which torture was slowly snuffing out."

This atrocious torment went on, said Rev. Vatai, for about 18

hours. At the end of that time, he was overcome by a feeling of utter apathy. He no longer cared about anything. Everything had ceased to have any importance. Then came the drug.

In the midst of the torment, Rev. Vatai was handed a large bowl of black coffee. What was in that coffee, he does not know. He does know that after drinking it all his troubles suddenly seemed to vanish. "The whole world, which until then had been unbearable, became infinitely pleasing. My entire being was overcome by a feeling of wonderful well-being."

That sounds like morphine. Whatever it was, Rev. Vatai said that "it was in this state that I signed the statements placed before me. I do not know why I signed, but to my death I shall never forget the delightful sensation that possessed me at the time."

It was weeks afterward, Rev. Vatai said, before he recovered his mind sufficiently to withdraw his entire "confession." Eventually he escaped to Switzerland and was able to tell his story to the world.

**T**HIS Protestant minister's experience gives some idea of what probably happened to Cardinal Mindszenty. No one who has seen the pictures of the Cardinal, taken in the courtroom, will forget the emaciated condition of his



face or the frighteningly haunted stare of his eyes. He looked like a man who has ceased to know who he is, what he is, where he is, and what has happened to him. He had the appearance of a man whose mind has been unhinged by an experience beyond the power of flesh and blood to endure.

It is said that Cardinal Mindszenty, in one questioning, was cross-examined by relays of shouting tormentors for a total of 80 hours—four times as long as Rev. Vatai's longest questioning—before he collapsed. Those who have seen Cardinal Mindszenty will not find this hard to believe. I myself interviewed him on his visit to America just before his arrest; and I knew that I was facing a man of immense physical and spiritual power. I am not surprised that he took a great deal of breaking down. The psychic martyrdom of Cardinal Mindszenty must have been a thing frightful beyond imagination.

After the Cardinal's "trial," they allowed his old and very aged mother to visit him once or twice; but the man she saw was not the man she had reared from childhood to face martyrdom if necessary for Christ and human freedom. The son she saw was a broken personality who talked haltingly and ramblingly, asking when his trial was to begin, wondering how soon he would be able

to stand up before the world and denounce his accusers. The last reports were that Cardinal Mindszenty had suffered a complete nervous breakdown, and was being kept alive by physicians because the Communists were afraid of outraged public opinion.

**T**HERE are two things of which to take special notice in the case of Cardinal Mindszenty, and in the cases of thousands of other



modern martyrs who suffer the specially frightful martyrdom which scientific torturers know how to inflict. The first thing is that communism has the evil power to transform Communists into something quite closely resembling devils in malice and cold cruelty.

The second thing to notice is that the Communists are in a blue funk in the presence of real Christians. They dare not stage a real

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trial. They are afraid to let the Christian argument be heard. They will not allow their victims to defend themselves and their Faith. Before they will bring any man into their so-called courtrooms, they must first destroy his mind and his very personality, lest with a few words of truth he expose the fantastic foolishness of their lies.

The Communists have no case; and they know it. Their godless creed is indefensible; and they will not attempt to defend it. And so the martyrs...the dead but living martyrs, the shells of what once were men...are paraded into their courtrooms utterly broken.

The Communists are not fooling anybody except a few frantic bigots who fondly pretend that they are fooled. The mass of mankind knows exactly what is going on, even if they do not know how it is done.

Cardinal Mindszenty, when he visited America, knew perfectly well that he was on the eve of his martyrdom. There was a strange conversation between him and me when I interviewed him. Through an interpreter, I asked him whether he was not afraid to go back to Hungary. "Afraid?" he replied,

"why should I be afraid?" There were two meanings in that answer; both perfectly true. One was, "The follower of Christ need never fear anything." The other was, "I have no intention of saying anything that can be used by the Hungarian Communist government as a pretext that I uttered what could be called an anti-state statement."

But to another man—to a Catholic priest like himself—Cardinal Mindszenty said something even more significant. This priest, too, asked him whether it wasn't unsafe for him to return to Hungary. And Cardinal Mindszenty replied, with the splendid smile which was characteristic of him, that perhaps a dead cardinal would be of more use to the Church than a living cardinal.

He is now among the living dead; but he was right. The Mindszenty case, perhaps more than any other single thing, has turned all mankind sick at the stomach at the mere thought of Communism. The living death of Cardinal Mindszenty is one of the horrors that has written out, in flaming letters across the sky of mankind's world, the death warrant of godless and inhuman Communism.

## A Double Parley

by Q. M. Phillip

**T**HE two of them put together would not have added up to the size of one husky man, but they had hearts bigger than anything ever known on Woodward Avenue. And on this morning, as they started to walk across Grand Circus Park, they could scarcely contain themselves with the charity in their souls.

At Mass this morning, they finished their annual six-day retreat. The spirit of holiness hovered over them; the interior peace they radiated was more than enough to light the gloomy day. For it was a gloomy day. The sky was cloudy, shreds of fog still floated in from the river, and downtown Detroit looked as if it had been on a binge and was nursing its head after a bad hangover.

Now, charity is not an empty word to a couple of Sisters of Charity. Emphatically not, after it had been the theme of their conferences during a retreat. The retreat master, a stout Dominican with far more paunch than hair, had ramified it in all its meanings and nuances, so much so that in comparison with it nothing else in life amounted to a significant job.

They were in the very odor of charity from the moment the retreat began.

The purpose of their walk through Grand Circus Park was to get from Cadillac Square to a certain music store on Woodward Avenue. With most of their shopping done for incidentals and things with which to carry on their work when school classes would resume after the recent holidays, they had between them not more than an average office clerk's consideration of an average day's spending money. They were that poor.

But poor or not, pity and charity moved them to the quick when they saw near the center of the park the huddled frame of a man languishing on a bench. He neither sat nor reclined, but was hunched forward, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, his whole appearance one of a down-and-outer. His shoes were badly scuffed, the hat he wore might have been picked up in an alley; he looked so frightfully dispirited that Doré could have used him for a portrait of despair.

"Oh, the poor soul!" said Sister

Josephine, the smaller of the two mites. "I have a feeling that he hasn't eaten in days. Perhaps he can't get a job because his clothes are so shabby."

Sister Antoinette agreed, but tried to be more practical. "Likely a drifter, as not," she said. "I've seen many of them around here, in the past. I strongly doubt that he is starved. Let's not stop."

"Of course we shouldn't stop," said Sister Josephine. "We can walk by as though we hadn't seen him. But—but, don't you think it's cruel that everyone should pass him and not try to do anything for him? God knows how many people passed him by today; and him sitting there and probably thinking terrible thoughts. I'm sure Father Stephen wouldn't approve of us if he saw us acting in contradiction to what he had preached all week."

"Now what could we do for him?" sighed Sister Antoinette, accelerating her steps. "We dare not make a spectacle of ourselves. He hasn't asked us for anything. How do we know his real position or what he is thinking about? Appearances may be deceiving. I'm for proceeding with doubt."

"Couldn't we give him the benefit of our doubts?" asked Sister Josephine, trying to keep up with her slightly taller companion. "I have a dollar left in my purse. I

could put it in his hand—"

"Your last dollar, of course," humphed Sister Antoinette. "And you know I won't be outdone in charity. If you give a dollar, I'd have to give a dollar. And what about that sheet music we're to buy for our pupils? Hadn't we better forget the notion?"

"I'd rather not forget it," said Sister Josephine, slowing her pace as they turned a curve in the walk and were almost upon the man. "A dollar won't buy us more than a copy or two of what we need. We would need twenty dollars to buy what I would consider the minimum requirements for my class. And where will I get twenty dollars? I could tell the children I spent the dollar on a worthy cause, and I could fall back on some of our numbers from last year. I just know he needs a dollar worse than my children need new music."

"Well?" That was all Sister Antoinette could say. They were almost parallel with the man on the bench; he had not lifted his head at their approach.

Sister Josephine smiled, made up her mind on the instant. Deftly unclasping her purse, she extricated the lone dollar bill in it, stooped as she turned within a foot of the man, thrust the money so it stuck between his right hand and cheek.

"Try hard," she whispered. Then, as if flustered and not knowing what to add to her brief encouragement, she hurried her steps forward.

Sister Antoinette heard her whisper, and decided in her own instant she would not be outdone. As the smaller mite hurried away from the man, she walked back to him, opened her purse, thrust her dollar bill in his hand. "Yes, try hard," she said, in a rather brave voice.

The man looked up in perplexity and surprise, saw only the back of the two retreating figures. They did not turn around again.

"Well, who'd 'a thunk it," he muttered to himself, scratching his head. However, for all his rising chagrin, he got up and followed the nuns to Woodward Avenue, where he saw them stop for a minute to talk to a policeman on a corner. Then they were out of sight in a maze of sidewalk traffic.

The good Sisters Josephine and Antoinette, jointly elated with their charitable deed, concluded their shopping trip with a prompt return to their convent. They boarded a tram on Fort Street, talked all the way home about the misfortunes of poor people and the growing cost of sheet music.

Sister Josephine had an idea, and Sister Antoinette concurred in it. The smaller mite knew a

certain man in Chicago in the music publishing business; she would write to him, ask if she could buy her music needs on credit, hard as credit was to obtain for a nun who seldom owned a dollar long enough to become acquainted with the kind of engraving on it. Putting the matter up to her Mother Superior when she and the taller mite returned home, she gained permission for the dispatch of the contemplated epistle.

Thus, late that afternoon, the two mites put their heads together on the composition of a polite and dignified letter to the song tycoon in Chicago. When it was nearly finished, and precisely when Sister Antoinette rummaged in her desk drawer for a postage stamp she apparently had mislaid, Mother Superior walked into their cell, announced that a gentleman was downstairs at the outside door, asking for Sister Josephine. No, he did not give his name, according to the portress, who opened the door for him. Yes, Sister Josephine could go down to see him, provided Sister Antoinette went with her. They must not let the man enter the convent.

So the two nuns went downstairs, wondering who it could be that elected to call at their home and not give his name. Certainly it could not be a relative or a friend, for these usually announced their intentions several

days in advance. Well, they would see.

They met him at the door, and he seemed a scrawny specimen of manhood. He looked like—no, he was!—the man they had befriended in the park. They held their breath in surprise.

"I sure had a devil of a time finding out who you are and where you lived," he said, tipping his soiled hat back on his head. "Guess you know the lid is on, but that shouldn't have made you sneak off and forget to tell me where I could pay you off. If it weren't that I saw you talking to that flatfoot on Woodward Avenue—"

"Lid? Flatfoot?" The two mites asked their questions in concert. "What did we do, mister?"

"You ain't done nothing, I hope," he laughed, winking slyly. "You got forty bucks coming. Twenty for each of you. Here!" He shoved the money into their hands.

"We don't want it," they said together. "We didn't expect you to pay us back. Besides, we only gave you a dollar each. It's not right that you should return it twentyfold. You've had the money less than a day. You—"

"Well, maybe I'm nuts!" the man interjected. "Look, ladies, I'm the guy who was in the park this morning. You each gave me

a buck and called your shots. I could be crooked and forget I saw you. But I'm not crooked, see. I followed you and got your name from the flatfoot you talked to. He said he knew you and where I could find you. And here I am. Now, do you remember?"

"Of course we remember," said Sister Josephine, the O'Reilly in her resenting his questioning of her memory. "You looked as though you were down on your luck, and we thought—"

"Don't kid me, lady," the man said, resenting the idea that his leg should be pulled by an abridged edition of a woman. "You know darn well who I am. Everybody knows I'm in Grand Circus Park every morning. That's the only place where I can accomodate them since the lid went on. Now cut the comedy—"

"Allow me to tell you I'm not disposed to be comical," flared Sister Josephine, forgetting all about her retreat and charity. "If you were a gentleman—"

"Okay, okay," the man interrupted. "Just shut up, will you, lady? Look, I'm Joe Clark, the bookie. You each bet a buck on Try Hard. Try Hard won the second at Suffolk Downs. He was a long shot that paid off at twenty to one. Now, do you want your forty bucks, or don't you?"

Sister Josephine swooned.



## The Saga of Blessed Johnny Appleseed

Of course, Johnny wasn't beatified, but he comes as close to being an old-fashioned saint as pioneer America ever produced . . . and he planted kindness and love as well as apple trees.

**T**HE generalization that probably comes nearest to being completely true is that no man ever lived who didn't make enemies. But, if there ever was an exception, it was a scrawny, nondescript individual named Jona-

By Harold Helfer

than Chapman, who was born in Boston around 1775 and who became known as Johnny Appleseed.

Johnny Appleseed undoubtedly comes as close to being an old-fashioned saint as this country has ever produced and he is one of the heroes of pioneer days, and yet he is the all but forgotten man of our history.

Oh, to be sure, the name of Johnny Appleseed has come down

to us, and if you ask somebody who Johnny Appleseed was, you'll probably get the reply: Well, he's a fellow, more or less legendary, who used to go around planting apple seeds.

This answer is only partially correct; it needs to be cleared up and there is much to be added.

To begin with, this answer, as most present-day answers about this quaint and amazing character, is so couched as to imply a doubt whether he actually had a flesh-and-blood existence or was born of myth and fancy.

Well, Johnny Appleseed really lived, and thousands and thousands of bushels of apples every year coming from around Indiana and Ohio continue to be living testimony to his in-the-flesh being, but it is not strictly true, as is generally supposed, that he just went around strewing his apple seeds left and right.

Johnny Appleseed was a seed salesman, obtaining his merchandise from the Pittsburgh cider presses. Frequently, if someone didn't have the cash on hand to pay for the seeds, he drew up a promissory note to bind the bargain... but there is a great deal more to Johnny Appleseed than just this.

For Johnny Appleseed's insistence on bringing a back-East business atmosphere to the rough-and-ready frontier was just another

one of the peculiar facets of his character. Actually, he never attempted to collect on any of the notes. And, if a family was poor, he gave them the apple seeds outright. But more than anything else, Johnny Appleseed appeared to like to plant the apple seeds himself and he always chose quaint, off-the-beaten, dreamy places, places that retain a poetical flavor to this day.

To bring his apple seeds to the frontier, Johnny would sometimes travel in two canoes strapped together, up winding rivers and streams. But most often he put the seeds in a big leather pouch and carried it across his meager shoulders.

He very often entered hostile Indian territory but the Indians never molested him. They respected him not only because they knew him as a man of benevolence, but because of his astonishing physical endurance. Johnny Appleseed not only traveled epic distances with his burden of seeds, but he generally went barefooted and often through thistle-infested brush country where even the hardest pioneers wouldn't think of venturing without cloth or paper wrapped around their leggings.

The frontiersmen, sometimes a crude and boisterous lot, always treated him with cordiality. Even the children—and this is perhaps



the truest test of the esteem and affection in which Johnny Appleseed was held—always treated him with respect. And this despite the fact that Johnny Appleseed was by all odds the strangest, most outlandish-looking character of his time.

He never bothered to purchase anything in a store, and his clothes were always the discarded garments of others. Sometimes he just wore a coffee sack over him. And to protect his face from the sun he fashioned a hat of pasteboard with a tremendous peak.

Johnny Appleseed was shy and ill at ease in the presence of adults, but he was open in his fondness for children. Wherever he went, families always invited him to eat with them but he never would accept, unless he assured himself that there would be plenty on the table for the children. He always brought the little girls pieces of ribbon and calico.

**H**E was a deeply religious man but never in an aggressive way. Sometimes, when the occasion seemed right, he would preach but he never tried to force his words on anyone. What he liked to do was to give people religious books to read. Since he didn't have many of them, he would divide them in pieces and then pass out the portions as he went along, from one cabin in a

wilderness to another. Then he would gather up the portions and redistribute them, continuing the process until every individual would have had the chance to read the complete book.

While nothing gave Johnny Appleseed more pleasure than to see his seeds sprouting out into apple trees, he disliked seeing any of the trees pared, although, of course people did this to increase the fruitfulness of the trees. But Johnny Appleseed thought that these amputations might cause the tree some pain and he hated the thought of bringing pain to anything.

For the same reason he never ate meat. If an insect crossed his path, he always avoided stepping on it. Once when a hornet got stuck in his clothes he permitted the insect to continue stinging him until he was able to remove it rather than deal it a crushing blow. He once killed a venomous snake in self-defense after it had bitten him, but he always felt bad about it and wished he hadn't.

When he came across some bear cubs sleeping in a cabin he intended to use, he went to sleep curled up in the snow outside rather than disturb them. When he built a fire and saw that some of the attracted mosquitoes were coming in too close and losing their lives in the flames, he put the fire out and shivered the rest



of the night.

In 1812, when the British were stirring up the Indians against the pioneers, Johnny Appleseed traveled many hundreds of miles and saved hundreds of lives warning the settlers of Indian uprisings.

Although he lived to the ripe old age of 72, Johnny Appleseed never ceased traveling up and down his beloved Indiana-Ohio

frontier, bringing a breath of gentleness wherever he went and always doing some form of good. But it seems to be his fate that he will be remembered almost altogether as a nebulous, half-real character who went around strewing appleseeds around him. Not that there's anything wrong with such a reputation. It no doubt would be quite all right with Johnny Appleseed.

## IT'S A LAUGH

selections from Ken Murray's column in Spark

**New York:** A man who was trying his best to appreciate good music summed up his first reaction this way: "When a piece threatens any minute to be a tune and always disappoints, it's classical."

**Newark, N. J.:** A Pennsy Railway local from New Brunswick to N. Y. recently had to make an unscheduled stop outside Newark. After a brief interval, the conductor appeared at the front end of one of the cars and called out, "There will be a short delay of I don't know how long."

**New Orleans:** The Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt. "My mother looked back once while she was driving," said little Jimmy triumphantly, "and she turned into a telephone pole."

By Sally McHugh

## SO MUCH IN CO

SHE was still a half-block away when I noticed her. Carrying one pink-blanketed bundle in her arms, she kept glancing anxiously at the girl walking with her and who carried a similar burden. They hurried across the street in the middle of the block and then toward me as I stood on the corner awaiting a bus. When they, too, reached the corner and saw there were no buses in sight, they slowed down somewhat; apparently that is what was worrying and hurrying them—the fear of missing one, necessitating a 20 minute wait on a damp, blustery corner with those two infants.

Not infants, really. Those bundles were squirming mightily, and at last one head managed to wrig-

gle itself out from under the protective flap. Big brown eyes surveyed me carefully, approved; and the face crinkled merrily into a wide, toothless grin. About five months old, I said to myself as I winked at him, sending him plunging shyly into his mother's coat collar. At length he peeped out again to see if I were still there, thus beginning a game of peek-a-boo.

She, his mother, turned toward me at last with a proudly maternal smile, acknowledging my appreciation of her treasure. The older child carrying the other baby had turned in such a way that I got a glimpse of him, too. There was no doubt about it. Twins! Able to resist no longer,

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I finally asked, "How old are they?"

That was only the beginning. By the time the bus arrived we had discussed formulas, the double needs of twins, the housing shortage, the blessings of the Infant Welfare (which she had just left), the comparative merits of the strict and self-demand baby schedules—everything young mothers always discuss indefatigably. Then, as we boarded the bus and separated to find seats, it was with mutual expressions of good wishes for our respective success in the future.

If many of my good Catholic friends had seen us talking together, they would have been horrified.

Yet, that day and nearly every day since, I have asked myself: what are all these "differences" they keep talking about? Why shouldn't we be friends and good neighbors? Why must there be a wall of prejudice between us?

We have so much in common. She is a mother; I am a mother. She has problems with her children; I have similar problems. She hasn't enough room for all of her children; my situation is just as bad. Her husband works long hours to adequately support his family; so does mine.

There is only one real difference between us. She is colored. I am white.

Want the low-down on yourself?  
Then read this article with a pencil  
in your hand and have a good  
laugh—on yourself.

# Fun WITH HANDWRITING

by Phil Morrow

SO be a skeptic. So don't believe a word I say. I don't care. All that I ask you to do is to hold a sheet of your handwriting before you and forget for ten or fifteen minutes the troubles you've been reading about in newspapers.

I'm telling you, if your handwriting slants to the right like this

*Fireman, save my child*

you are very expressive emotionally. You are also very impetuous and apt to go out on a limb for little or no reason. You should count to ten before making any decision, but it's five to one that you won't do so.

If your handwriting is straight up and down like this

*What fools these mortals be*

you are generally well poised, self-assured, in command of yourself.

Too, your face is about as mobile as a paralyzed clam.

And if your handwriting slants backward like this

*Please, maw, can I, huh?*

you are so self-centered that the one true love in your life is yourself. The danger in this is that you may bore yourself to death.

Had we more space to spare in this little magazine, we could devote a ream or two to all the emotional angles and frighten you to pieces with how much your handwriting reveals about you. But we haven't the space and, besides, this is our day off from heavy thinking.

So we move on to other angles. And please stop yawning.

Suppose in your handwriting most of your small a's, o's, d's and g's are open like this

*Ah, the good die young*

The indication is that you are a very talkative person. The more such open letters, the more gabby you are; and heaven help anyone who entrusts you with a secret.

You have a real sense of humor if you write your capital M's, N's, W's and Y's with an initial flourish like this

*Mighty Nice Women*

And t bars crossed with arrows indicate sarcasm. Here is a sample

*this I got to see*

A combination of humor and sarcasm in any handwriting shows the writer is witty. Who knows, maybe you should get a job as a gagwriter and make Joe Miller turn over again in his grave.

Temper is indicated by t's crossed like this

*a tskit, a tskit*

Beware of the woman or employer whose temper is so obvious; they'll raise cane with you on the slightest provocation.

Eccentric people dot their i's like this

*kissing goes is silly*

And people who are easily irritated dot their i's like this

*living in sin isn't wise*

And people who don't dot their i's at all have very unreliable memories. This trait is likely to cause complications in the lives of those who forget they are married and indulge in flirtations.

Now don't get the idea that what you're reading here is graphology; it's not. It's grapho-analysis, the newer and more accurate method of reading character thru handwriting. Of course it isn't infallible, but it'll do until something better comes along. Anyway, it has nothing to do with fortune telling. For that I would recommend Madame Zaza with her tea leaves.

Think you have literary talent? Well, you have if you write Greek e's like this

*My Hortense has no sense*

or g's that look like the figure 8.

*gold nuggets big as eggs*

The only trouble about literary talent is that few writers make a full time living at it. The rest, even as you and I, barely manage to keep one step ahead of the sheriff.

Musical talent? Oh, that you can see by the breaks in the body

of a word. Just study the line below this.

*My mother says I was a pretty*

We could go on and on, touching on all things from traits to hobbies, but our allotted space is running out on us. Maybe if you write to the editor and tell him, "Say, lookee here, you cut this

thing short just when it was getting interesting,"—well, maybe he'll let us come back next month or the month after with another little piece. Or maybe now you'll be afraid to write, for fear he'll send your letter to this author with a note reading something like this: "*Please give me the dope on this writer. Looks like an awfully suspicious character to me.*"

## GOOD NEWS

Submitted by  
Harold Helfer

Divorce may be rampant but this is the record of the four Montgomery brothers of Jones County, Miss.: W. N. Montgomery and his wife have been married 64 years; J. A. Montgomery and his wife 57, years; J. J. Montgomery and his wife, 55 years; and H. C. Montgomery and his wife, 55 years.

Gravely ill with influenza in 1918, Lew Helperin, of Philadelphia, upon learning that the doctors had given up hope for him, bet a buddy a dollar that he'd pull through anyway. Mr. Helperin still has the dollar he won.

At Seattle, Wash., the bomb blister of a B-29, once used as an observation post when the plane went out on its mission of death, is being used as a punch bowl at parties.

In Kansas City, a man gave himself up to police for a "murder" he had committed 35 years before because his conscience bothered him so. Then he learned that the man he had shot never died.

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RAIL APRIL, 1951



### ONLY THREE SPRING FLOWERS...

yet their lucent petals unfold a mystery as solemn and sublime as that of the first day of creation. Every spring they bear witness to the tremendous creative energy of God, the Father of all life.



# *God's Merry Chancellor*

by Norah Smaridge

ST. THOMAS MORE LAUGHED HIS WAY  
TO JUDGMENT AND ULTIMATE JOY



ALL of us have to "put on an act" at times, pretending for courtesy's sake to a good humor which we may be far from feeling. But with St. Thomas More it was just the opposite. Lively and companionable by nature, he pretended to be dull with Henry VIII, so that the King would weary of him and allow him to go home to the family he missed so much.

For the most part, however, More stayed in character—the least formidable of companions, wonderfully witty and friendly. So friendly, indeed, that his hospitality extended from entertaining the king (who would arrive unexpectedly to dinner and stroll in More's garden with his arm around More's shoulder) to maintaining a special house in Chelsea to lodge the old and infirm. Rarely, he gave banquets to the rich and noble; far more often he seated poor neighbors and beggars at his table. He even adopted some of these unfortunates for indefinite periods, making them part of his household. A universe in miniature, More's household included Mistress More, her daughter and son-in-law, More's own daughters and their husbands, his son John and his wife, and during certain times More's own father and his father's second and third wives... to say nothing of the family chap-

lain and a host of servants and tutors, male and female!

So much responsibility would seem to leave little time for laughter. But laughter never failed Thomas More. He even laughed for ten years with Desiderius Erasmus, a man of moods, easily piqued. Together, for what they considered the sheer fun of it, the two friends translated the dialogue of Lucian from Greek into Latin, More even going to the length of writing additions to Lucian, putting into the mouth of one of his characters a vehement speech. Purely, as More explains, for the *pleasure* of writing a vehement speech.

More was the one companion of whom Erasmus never complained. "I do not think that Nature ever fashioned a more able ready, aware, or subtle character, or, in a word, one better endowed with good qualities of all kinds," the philosopher said. "Add to this conversational powers commensurate with his genius, wonderful gaiety of manner, abundance of wit, but kindly withal, so that you could wish in him nothing else."

Erasmus spoke accurately, for More's wit was usually turned against himself or used in the service of his religion. Even in argument, he never employed jests as a substitute for intellectual efforts. He used them during a controversy as illustrations of the

truths he was upholding—and after it to befriend the very enemies he had made during the fight. He jested, too, when he was flatly disagreeing with an opponent, not so much to make fun of his opponent as to make fun of himself and mankind in general.

More's jests seldom took a personal turn. Once, it is true, he seems to have made merry at the expense of his wife. Asked why he had married so small a wife, he replied happily that of two evils one should always choose the less. But behind the jest lies a touching story. More's wife was the elder of two sisters, of whom he actually preferred the younger. But, to spare her pain, he married the elder. Throughout her life he loved her devotedly and when, twenty years after her death, he wrote his epitaph and hers, he described her with the tender phrase "*Uxorcula Mori*"—More's little wife.

An unfailing spirit of gaiety and sweet temper characterized all of More's dealings with his household. At first glance, his might seem a strange establishment for a saint. More kept a fool on his payroll—one Henry Pattenson, "who had a license to speak folly with all freedom." In the large garden, he had a private chapel—but he also had a menagerie. Grave statesmen and intellectuals who came to visit him were taken into the garden to see his daugh-

ters' rabbit-hutches or to watch the antics of their favorite monkey. And the reserve which age exacted from parents was flung to the winds in More's dealings with his children; he loved teaching them, and would lure them on to deeper studies with the coins and curiosities which he collected to entertain them. And when he was away from them, he wrote charmingly intimate letters and verses, in one of which he reminded his little ones, "I have given you kisses enough, but stripes hardly ever."

His delight it was, too, to train his children and even his wife in his own taste for music and letters. He taught his wife to play the viol and to write Latin. His second wife, who was much older, learned to perform on the harp, the flute, the monochord and the lute!

More saw to it that God was the center of his household, the center of his children's life. To that end, whenever he was at home, it was his custom to gather the family for night prayers. They would first recite three psalms. Next, one of his daughters would recite a passage from the Sacred Scripture, intoning it in the ecclesiastical or monastic fashion and ending with the words "and do thou, O Lord, have mercy on us," as in religious houses. The reading was continued until More gave the sig-

nal; then he would ask one of the company how this or that passage was best interpreted.

But More knew that his family were not monks—and he did not intend them to be. By using his light touch, he kept at bay all false sanctity, false solemnity and self-importance. His letters to his

wife were filled with this same sweet gaiety—gaiety which never lost sight of its objective of holiness. He ruled his household with a nimble spirit, with laughter, with sly, delicate jesting. Always and in everything, he was God's cheerful chancellor.

## ■ 43 Million Failed to Vote!

At the last national election, over 43 million Americans who were eligible to vote failed to go to the polls. This dangerous trend is still continuing. As things now stand, less than 1/3 of the people of our country are determining the destiny of 150 million Americans. If this ratio goes much lower, we may meet a fate that now seems inconceivable. It takes fewer than 20% of the voters to maneuver a dictator into power, was the warning given by Hans Stumpf, German-born newspaper man, in the *Detroit Free Press* recently. He pointed out that on November 13, 1932, the last German election before Hitler took over, out of a total population of 65 million Germans a mere 3 million voted. A sufficient number of these votes went to Hitler, making it possible for him to become Chancellor legally. Mr. Stumpf's concluding remark should make each of us pause and reflect: "It is a fairy tale to say he ascended to power with bloodshed and revolution."

### *Christopher News Notes*

*Although the above notice appeared last year, the problem it presents is no less real today. See article on page 1 of this issue.*

The exuberant  
warmth and vitality  
of her childlike  
art have won her  
many friends

## The Story of Berta Hummel

**B**erta Hummel was born on May 21, 1909, in the tiny village of Massing, which lies nestled in the Bavarian Highlands about 30 miles east of Munich and 20 miles north of Oberammergau. Her childhood and youth were spent in these pleasant surroundings, until, at the age of twelve she was taken by her father to Simbach,

a girls' school, conducted by the "Englischen Fräulein."

After her graduation from the Academy at Simbach in 1926, her father carried out his long cherished plan of enrolling his talented daughter at the Munich Art Academy. He himself accompanied her on the fifty-mile journey from Massing and saw her safely es-

Selected and arranged from the book, *Sketch Me, Berta Hummel*, A Grail Publication, St. Meinrad, Indiana. \$3.00.



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established in her new environment.

At her graduation from the Art Academy in 1931, her professors strongly urged her to remain at the institute and continue her art studies. But she had received a higher call from God to enter the cloister, which, after a brief but intense struggle, she answered.

Five weeks after her graduation day, Berta Hummel entered the convent of the Franciscan Sisters at Siessen in Württemberg.

Berta Hummel left the world to become Sister Innocentia just as the dawn of her career as an artist began to break. Many of her friends tried to dissuade her from taking the step, reminding her that she was giving up a brilliant career as an artist. But life in the cloister gave new life to her artistic genius. Her superiors were sympathetic to her nature and ability, giving her ample opportunity to implement the intense restless creative drive within her.

As a young girl Berta Hummel had often been asked by playmates, "Sketch me, Berta Hummel. Sketch me." This cry followed her all through life. To those who are familiar with the exuberant vitality and freshness of the work of this Bavarian nuns, the cry, "Sketch me," is some explanation for the prodigious output of her short life time.

When Sister Innocentia died, she was only thirty-seven years old. But the volume and intensity of the work produced in those years might well fill a life several times that span. It seems that all nature cried out to her prolific pen, demanding, "Sketch me." And so she did—or tried to do until the full course of her life was run, and she returned to Him from Whom her great gift and love had come. Sister Innocentia died on October 11, the feast of Our Lady's Maternity, 1946.

The following excerpts are taken from *Sketch Me, Berta Hummel* by Sister M. Gonsalva Wiegand, O.S.F., the first biography of Sister Innocentia to be published in English. These glimpses of her life and some of her work reproduced here will introduce her to many Americans who have not had the pleasure of meeting her before and renew for others an old friendship they have long cherished.

#### Child Artist:

"Berta Hummel, sketch me," a playmate would plead.

"Me, too," a chorus would call.

Berta would obligingly comply—even with the demands of those importunate youngsters who intercepted her on the street with orders for a profile. When she had finished her task there were

squeals of delight as the fortunate recipient recognized in the crude sketch his own small face. No one was refused.

### Girls' School:

One day she approached the Mother Superior with apparent hesitancy and asked the latter to grant her a special favor.

"Yes, Fräulein Hummel, if such is within my power and not contrary to the rules of the school, I shall certainly do what I can for you."

Berta feigned to divulge a great secret. "We are going to have special visitors for Mardi Gras, Mother. May we make special preparations?"

"Who might these visitors be, and what special preparations would their coming mean?"

"I cannot tell you now, Mother; it is a secret. They are very important and lovely people, precious friends whose coming would make me and all the students very happy. Please, Mother, do trust me and give me permission to have them."

"Unless I know who these visitors are, Fräulein Berta, I cannot give you permission.

"You are not planning to have any gentlemen here, Berta? You know Mardi Gras has always been a family feast."

"I know that too, Mother, but just for this one time, please."



"There will be no secrets, dear child."

"Please, Mother, I will tell just you, but you cannot refuse now. I have already invited the guests."

Mother looked anxious but the twinkle in Berta's eyes made her promise. "For this one time only, but who are these special visitors?"

Berta drew a deep breath; then bending closer she whispered: "All my professors from the Art Academy: Professor Dasio, Professor Wirnhier, Professor Klein and, of course, Madame Professor Brauneis."

Dubiously the kind Sister shook her head and then went about her duties. "Fräulein Hummel is so winsome. One cannot refuse her

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Berta, radiant and happy, announced that the visitors were awaiting the girls and the Mistress in the parlor. All were due for a surprise, but for the good Mistress relief was uppermost. Arranged in colorful parade in the parlor were miniature statues representing Berta's professors skillfully modeled in plastics and dressed quite properly each in his own peculiar costume. There was much merriment that evening after the group had sufficiently recovered from their surprise and admiration.

#### Art School:

anything. But this is an innovation—the Fräulein will lose their heads."

Everyone knows that something unusual was to happen, for the zealous Mistress had reiterated again and again at the etiquette class the necessity of decorum, poise, and good manners. The reputation of the institute must be upheld.

At last the eventful evening arrived. The reassuring smile on Berta's face did not quite remove the anxiety and perturbation of the Superior. Anxiously she awaited the clang of the bell which would announce the guests.

Presently the ominous bell sounded and a few moments later

Not even her professors were immune from her innocent pranks. While attending Professor Dasio's classes, she found great delight in catching that interesting personage in some of his characteristic poses. The teacher was loved because of his efficiency and yet feared because of his relentless criticism. To make a perfect copy for Professor Dasio seemed an unattainable goal. Once every week he was wont to collect the anonymous works of his students. His pupils about him, he seated himself in the center of the lecture room, and then taking the papers he scrutinized and criticized each page relentlessly. One day he was so absorbed in this process that he failed to notice Berta, who,





perched high on a table and flanked by her two allies, who held her paints and brushes, sketched the teacher with zeal and unfeigned devotion. From the resulting sketch she later made a wood-cut upon which she impressed the originality and individuality of this great man in truly masterful and apt fashion. Her first draft she crumpled and threw into the wastebasket. The servant who emptied this receptacle found the

sketch and having recognized the professor, he reconditioned the crumpled sheet and then bore it in triumph to Madame Brauneis. She at once recognized the Hummel art and said smilingly: "There is only one who would have dared to do it and succeed so realistically. That is the little rogue of a Hummel." Professor Dasio learned of it and demanded to see the sketch. Without any sign of injured pride at the caricature he remarked: "Tell the rogue she could safely have pulled out the drawer a bit further." The inference was to his lower lip which protruded under any stress or emotion.

#### Artist Nun:

An example of Sister Innocentia's impulsive activity and deep piety is furnished by her well-known Sacred Heart Picture. Sister had attended a Lenten sermon. The persuasive and eloquent preacher touched all hearts. But none seemed so deeply moved at contemplating the sufferings of the Savior as was Sister Innocentia. Retiring to her cell, she refused to speak to anyone. Grieving sincerely for the breaking heart of the God-Man, she must needs find an outlet for her love and sympathy. Even her meals were forgotten. When she finally appeared, pale and visibly affected, she had found solace and relief



in the portrayal of her beautiful and awe-inspiring Savior on the Cross.

On one occasion Sister Innocentia happened to be in the hall where her work was being exhibited and also offered for sale. A young man approached her and made known his grievance. "For a long time now it has been my earnest wish to see Sister Innocentia. Her art has captivated me. I have come a great distance and my disappointment at not being able to see her is not small." With a solicitude truly maternal Sister Innocentia comforted the young man, explaining that he must realize the impossibility of having Sister Innocentia interrupted every hour of the day.

After Sister Innocentia had left the hall, another Sister approached the man and said: "I see that you have been favored by a confidential chat with Sister Innocentia."

#### **Last Illness and Death:**

Wishing to be left alone as much as charity would allow, she asked to have the simple name, "Maria," on her door. The uninitiated would not know who the occupant was, and she could be left undisturbed to work and pray. She wanted above all to lead the life of a Religious. Her religious life was not a matter of simple routine, but the expression of an

inner conviction and an intense spirituality.

On the morning of November 6, Sister Innocentia received Holy Viaticum.

"Oh, let me die," she pleaded; "I can help you more in eternity."

With lighted candle in one hand, rosary and crucifix in the other, Sister Innocentia awaited the arrival of her Spouse. As the noon Angelus rang and her Sisters and loved ones knelt at the bedside praying this triple salutation to Our Lady, Sister Maria Innocentia departed this life.





## Abbey Newsmoth

**T**HE second semester of the school year and the first days of February got off to a slow, but peaceful start this year. The echoes and "yarn-swapping" about the annual retreat had hardly died away when the Forty Hours Devotion began for the Monastery and Seminaries on February 4. As is the custom here, any hour of the day or night you could find adorers

kneeling in the presence of the Eucharistic King, keeping His Court. And our prayers, like the smoke of incense, ascended to the throne of God in adoration, reparation, thanksgiving, and petition for peace, for the sick, and for our many needs.

Then came Ash Wednesday on February 7. Father Abbot at the Throne for the blessing and spring-

kling of the ashes gave that Pontifical dignity to the moving drama of the beginning of Lent—so characteristic of St. Meinrad. In the Chapter room, later, with ashes on our heads and our thoughts in a sober vein, we listened to Father Abbot's Lenten Conference. Adroitly and with thought-provoking clarity, he gave our Lent an eternal and world-wide scope in the picture he painted for us of the state of the world and our place and destiny in it. And so we entered once again on what was for generations long past the Annual Retreat of the Church, a time of prayer and self-denial and refreshing spiritual renewal.

### Investitures and Professions

February brought new life, too, to the Community. For on February 9 Father Abbot clothed with the Habit of the Lay Brother Novices **Benedict Baker** of Tucson, Arizona, **Aloysius Wollenmann** of Ferdinand, Indiana, **Francis De Bernardi** of St. Louis and **Earl Huber** and **John Kemp** of Pittsburgh, Pa.

The day following the Investiture was the Feast of St. Scholastica and the day of triennial profession for **Brother David (John) Petry** of Floral Park, New York, **Brother Macarius (Anthony) Jaklous** of Aurora, Illinois, and **Brother Damian (Hilary) Schepers** of Jasper, Indiana. Then two days later, on February 12, Father Abbot received the Perpetual Vows of **Brother Ivo Staples** of Washington, D.C., and **Brother Nivard Hennerforth** of St. Louis, Missouri. On all these days

**Father Claude**, Novice Master and Instructor of the Brothers, was in the midst of his younger Lay Brethren, leading some into the listing grounds of the Novitiate, leading others into their maiden voyage with the "PAX," leading still others before the Altar of God where they dedicated their life to Christ.

### Minor Seminary Speech Contest

The evening before Washington's Birthday saw **Anthony Perry** carry away the honors in the Speech Contest sponsored and promoted by the **Campus Chatter** of the Minor Seminary. There were other winners, too, as **James Sweeney** took away the second prize and **Louis Ripperger** the third. As we listened to the time-honored tale of the Tramp and his Dog and the tale of the Highwayman, we could see in imagination the figure of **Father Dominic Barthel** standing in the old Music Hall reading to us from classic lore. These he preserved for us in his compilation of Rhetorical Masterpieces, **THE STUDENTS' CLASSBOOK OF ELOCUTION**. A staunch believer in the merits of the Delsarte System of Elocution, Father Dominic labored with love for many years to train the voices and bodies of his pupils in all the graces of the polished speaker. He was one of the best examples of his art, a powerful and eloquent speaker, and the man who had, up to the time of his death, probably done most to keep alive the tradition of Shakespearean plays at St. Meinrad.

## News of Monastic Family Affairs

February 26 brought the sad news of the death of Mrs. Merle Jamieson, the mother of our Frater Bede. We extend to Frater Bede and to his father and sister our sincere sympathy in the bereavement they have suffered. The prayers of his brethren go with him and his family—and with his mother, too, an Oblate of our Abbey.

Now at the end of February we are in the middle of Lent—a Lent somewhat different from the Lents of generations past. For along with the privilege obtained by Father Abbot Columban for the entire Swiss-American Congregation of allowing the Secular Oblates to wear the Benedictine Medal in place of the cloth scapular, there were the privileges of taking the noon day meal before Vespers and of having the Conventual Mass after either one of the Hours of Prime, Tierce, Sext, or None. Here at St. Meinrad we now have Conventual Mass following Tierce every day; and Vespers, even in Lent, in the late afternoon, giving us the opportunity of singing Vespers daily.

Other news of interest to Benedictines is that from Rome about the Benedictine Fathers at Benet Lake, Wisconsin. Under date of December 15, 1950, St. Benedict's Monastery for Home Missions is elevated to the status of an independent Priory with Father Richard Felix, the Founder, as the first Prior.

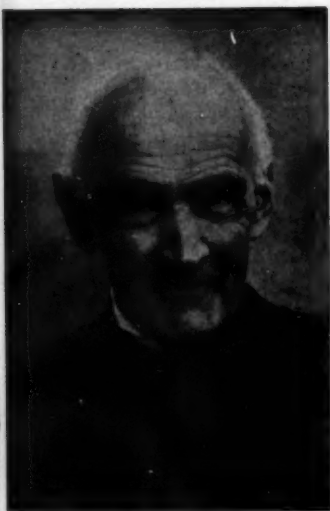
A word about our ailing brethren. Father Justin has returned to us

taliterqualiter or comme ci, comme ca, as they say. Brother Bartholomew can be seen about the Monastery corridors once more, almost like his old self—but we know that his Habit hides from our view the bandages he wears from his chest to his ankles. Father Prior is now on sick leave at St. Joseph Infirmary, Louisville. And the rest of us are praying to Saints Cosmas and Damian on March 1 to help us through the remaining rigors of Lent.

AS the last days of February begin to die away and the weather turns to fairer, the strains of recorded music, the last minute cautions of the Director, and the quaint dialogue of Henri Gheon filter out of the Old College Gym. You walk through that battered north door to watch Gheon's Fool go through his famous antics and you think of the many famous characters that have walked across the boards of that now squeakey and worn College Stage. Macbeth and Portia and Caesar and Lear; Richelieu and Hamlet and Falstaff and Hal. Now it's Bernard, of Gheon's *The Devil and St. Bernard*. The music stops. There is a "breather" in the mad rush of putting the finishing touches on the play. For more than a quarter of a century now it has been a spot where some of the most enjoyable evenings at St. Meinrad have been spent, from the Choir and Orchestra Concerts with Father Thomas Schaefer on the podium to direct, to every imaginable variety of decoration and entertainment in the

yearly Concerts of Father John and the Band, to the incomparable music of the two-piano concerts of Father Christopher and Father Theophane. There have been plays and parties and skits and basketball games almost without number in a gym which is the fruit of the labor of two men. The one, Father Charles Dudine, is now pastor at the Parish of Fulda, Indiana, just five miles away. And the other, Father Dominic Barthel—the dust of his bones lies beneath one of the crosses in the Cemetery nearby.

## The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad



Father Dominic has, in Heaven, we hope, received his reward for so many hours of entertainment given us. And Father Charles, well, this year he can see Gheon's Characters from the front row of the Balcony he worked so hard to build.

But the weather has changed considerably. I've stowed away my ear muffs. My candle is guttering low in the March winds blowing in my east window, so I'll pen an end to this until I hear the April showers pattering against my window panes.

In the ancient abbey of Maria Einsiedeln in Switzerland there died in 1925 a Benedictine monk, Brother Meinrad Eugster, highly respected by his confreres for his virtuous life. His cause for beatification has been introduced at Rome, and *The Grail* has been chosen for bringing his cause to the knowledge of American Catholics. The publication of favors obtained through the intercession of Brother Meinrad will serve to advance the cause of the saintly lay-brother. Accordingly, our readers who experience the help of Brother Meinrad's intercession are asked to notify us of the facts by writing to *The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana*. The *Grail* will select outstanding favors for publication. A picture of Brother Meinrad and a prayer for his canonization may be obtained by sending a stamped and self-addressed envelope to *The Grail Office*.

# Know Your Mother

We suggest the following pamphlets  
for reading during the month of May.

Order from the Grail Office  
Saint Meinrad, Indiana

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## A ROSARY OF PEARLS

by Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.

Thought gems on the mysteries  
of the Rosary. 10¢

## ATTAR FROM MARY'S ROSARIUM

by Alexis Hopkins, S.T.B.

Short meditations on the fifteen  
mysteries of the Rosary. 5¢

## CHALLENGE OF FATIMA

by Raphael Grashoff, C.P.

Mary's promises at Fatima are  
a challenge. Have you answered  
it? 25¢

## FEASTS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

A Mary feast for every day of  
the year. 10¢

## IMITATE YOUR BLESSED MOTHER

by Peter Resch, S.M.

Twenty-eight brief meditations  
on the virtues of Mary. 25¢

## IT'S REALLY A SECRET

There is no contradiction in be-  
ing totally dedicated to Mary  
and to her Son. 15¢

## LOVE OF MARY

Adapted from Dom Roberto by  
Francis Greiner, S.M.

Read this book, and you cannot  
help loving Mary more. 25¢

## MANUAL OF THE SERVANT OF MARY

Prayers and devotions for the  
sodalist. 25¢

## THINKING WITH THE ROSARY

For those who find it difficult to  
meditate successfully while say-  
ing the Rosary. 10¢

## YOUR YEAR WITH MARY

Meditations on the major feasts  
of our Lady throughout the  
year. 5¢

## MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY

by Abbot Marmion

Meditations on the Rosary by  
the saintly Abbot who died with  
it in his hand. 10¢

## MARY'S WAR WITH COMMU- NISM

by George Montague, S.M.

Fatima is not the whole story of  
Mary's efforts to combat com-  
munism. 10¢

## MYSTERIES OF THE ROSARY

by Edward I. Hesslon

Descriptive verses narrating the  
Glorious, Joyful, and Sorrowful  
mysteries of the Rosary. 25¢

## SPIRITUAL WAY OF AN APOS- TLE OF MARY

by Francis Greiner, S.M.

Directions for growing into the  
full stature and image of Christ.  
15¢

## THE VIRGIN'S LAND

A ninety-six page tribute to Ma-  
ry, the Patroness of the United  
States. 50¢

## OUR LADY'S ANSWER

by Rev. John N. Dudine

Inspirational thoughts on voca-  
tions.

There's no frustration in a hidden life  
for God is also in the back office  
and the stuffy kitchen

## Peace and Humility Go Together

by Audrey May Meyer

C. S. LEWIS, with his unusual flair for giving vivid pictures of theological truths, has said that we can come closer to understanding the mystery of the Incarnation if we try to imagine what our feelings would be if we were turned into slugs or crabs. This should produce some faint idea of how the Infinite God felt when He became man.

To become man was not enough. He did not suddenly appear in the full vigor of His manhood. He first submitted to the helplessness of infancy, the pangs of childhood, the humiliations of adolescence, and all the implications of the laws of growth which He Himself had authored. Further, He became a laborer Who lived most of His life in obscurity. And all this to show us that His way is diametrically opposed to the world's way, His values uncompromisingly at war with secularist values.

Christ spent thirty of His thirty-

three years teaching us the worth of the hidden life. Only one-eleventh of His earthly span was passed in the glare of the limelight, in the full utilization of His organizational and miraculous powers. Was this waste? Or was it rather a rough symbol of the proportioning of our lives among the high and the low places? Even the last eleventh of His life ended in disgrace and apparent failure in the world's eyes. Yet it saved the world.

The feeling of futility and frustration that sometimes accompanies a necessarily humble existence is a treasure when accepted as the Divine Will. Talents can be put to no better use. When the raw materials of our holiness are substituted for the chance to make our mark in the world, we have the highest opportunity of all. And if men seldom appreciate a hidden existence, God always does. He plans it lovingly. Those whose full powers are, through no fault of theirs or for a higher



motive, hidden away from mortal eyes, should feel honored that Christ devoted so much time to teaching them the way.

The Little Flower had beauty, brains, and a fair share of worldly prosperity. To her they were as refuse to be trampled on that she might win Christ. She longed to be a missionary but never had the joy of being one or of seeing her work for souls come to its magnificent fruition. She buried herself in the Carmelite Monastery of Lisieux at the age of fifteen. To the outside world she was dead. The only use her intelligence was put to was loving God. Among the despised chores assigned to her were those of laundress and portress.

Yet, not much more than a quarter of a century after her death, she was one of the greatest canonized saints of modern times, the patroness of the missions, and a recognized authority on a new spirituality, the "Little Way," the simple genius of which is freely admitted by theologians of our day. You might say Theresa was a specialist in the worth of futility, except that this has a negative sound; whereas her existence was completely positive, one continuous act of loving sacrifice.

The saint stressed doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. She would have thoroughly approved of Joe Bartee, the negro janitor in the Catholic Community Service at Kansas City, Missouri. Joe is a hale and hearty eighty-plus, and has gotten along all these years without the benefit of literacy. But his character is of such caliber that, when he af-

fixes his "X" where we would sign our name, it is worth its weight in gold. Work—humble, steady, conscientious work—is the key-note of his life. He is the earnest apostle of the mop and the waxing machine, of the furnace and the folding chair.

The Action carried on at the center revolves around Joe and depends on him. Though not a Catholic, and though blissfully unaware of the full import of the goings-on in "his" building, he bulwarks the work of the professional and volunteer staffs. Who would dare to underestimate his contribution to the salvation of souls? Who can say how much of the merit for the conversion brought about at that lecture, goes to the one who broke his back setting up the chairs for it? Who would be so rash as to call Joe Bartee's a "mean" existence?

Here is a simple nurse in the home of a family of wealth and distinction, living the life God intended for her from all eternity. A Franciscan Tertiary, she injects into that establishment as much religion as she unobtrusively can. For she is unconsciously close to the spirit of the gentle and tactful Il Poverello. Her life alone is rational and full in that rich establishment. Something is lacking in the others' lives. Hers is complete in its poverty, its joy.

Perhaps we shall get a shock when we get to heaven to discover what individuals have "made" the high places. It will not be surprising to find many mothers and teachers there, for everyone seems to consider them martyrs. But what of the

stenographers, the cooks, the factory workers and all the others who seem to live such mediocre lives? It is even conceivable that among the honored poets and musicians of the other world, there will be a considerable group of artists whose genius was buried, on this globe, under a multitude of prosaic and unharmonious duties that absorbed most of their time and energies.

Even on this earth, though, how can a talent really be said to be wasted unless it is deliberately buried, as in the parable about the unprofitable servant? How can a rose blush unseen, when God's eyes are everywhere? How can it waste its sweetness on the desert air when God is in the heart of the desert and requires the incense of adoration there as elsewhere? If the hairs of our head are numbered, so are our aptitudes and abilities. Providence is unceasingly working out details for us and asks only our faith and our cooperation. This thought alone should suffice to remove our feelings of indignation over our lot, when it is a less honored or ambitious one than we would choose for ourselves.

Once rebellion has given way to complete resignation, peace will replace the feeling of frustration. There can be no frustration where the will is united to God's. And though the remnants of the feeling of futility remain, they will aid humility and ultimately contribute to joy. Sweetness will replace what was bitter, and weakness will become strength. For the will at peace with itself and God is strong with God's strength.

Futility does not mean dullness of personality. The person transformed by resignation will sparkle with happiness; he may even become magnetic. His friends will probably increase. One can be truly and fully himself in no other way. Because any other way will be unnatural and against the laws of growth.

Unnatural people are all about us, deluded beings, who are trying to be what they are not and were never meant to be. They are unhappy and tend to spread tension or gloom. They never get into the groove they were cut out for. This causes them to miss the fullness of life.

There is no loss in the world except sin and failure to cooperate with grace. "The only tragedy," said Leon Bloy, "is not to become a saint." Perfection can be sought and reached in any walk of life, and the tragedy averted. Since humility is the foundation of the whole structure of holiness, those who are lowly by birth or position have a natural advantage. Why not make the most of it, rather than the best of it?

If we remember that we have not here a lasting city, we will not waste too much time moping about our frustrations. It makes small difference, in the final analysis, whether the prelude to our main existence is spent in the public eye or hidden away in what the world calls drab futility. When we feel that our God-given abilities are not getting full play, we need only remember that they can be put to use in a twinkling when the veil is lifted that shuts us from the Beatific Vision.

**ALLELUIA**



**I am the Good Shepherd.  
I give My Life  
for My sheep.**

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"The results of the struggle between belief and unbelief will depend to a great extent on the use that each of the opposing fronts will make of Sunday." So spoke Pius XII. This series of articles is intended to help Christians prepare for a more profitable participation in the central act of every Sunday, Holy Mass.

## SUNDAYS AFTER EASTER

BY CONRAD LOUIS, O.S.B.

**T**HE Sunday Masses after Easter are joyful lessons of encouragement, designed to teach us how to appreciate and use the opportunities for salvation and perfection given to us in the Paschal Victory of Christ. Mother Church does not rest content with our celebration of the Victory of Christ, but is immediately concerned about making sure that each of us has a share in that victory.

Having taught us the ideal of Jesus sacrificing Himself even unto death for the love and for the salvation of men, she wants to make certain that we follow Him in His virtue and in His victory. In the Sun-

day Masses after Easter she enkindles within us a burning desire and hope for victory through Him and with Him. She makes us long for the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, our hope of total victory.

Mother Church is always looking forward and upward as she strains to lead us from sin to salvation and glory. She lingers but briefly amid the joys of Easter, reminding us that Christ's victory is not the end of our journey but one step more on our pilgrimage to heaven where Christ stands at the throne of His Father awaiting and helping each of us that we may be happy with Him forever.

The illustration on the opposite page pictures Christ, the Good Shepherd, showing His sheep the wounds which He got in fighting the devil for them. By his gesture He also means to teach His sheep that they can enter into eternal life only through the cross.

### LOOKING BACK

The Gospel for the Mass of the Octave of Easter takes us back to the Upper Chamber. We stand with St. Thomas and see our crucified and gloriously risen Savior, and all the happenings of Holy Week come back

to our minds. The wounds, now glorious signs of His triumph, are so many mouths to proclaim the realness of His Passion and His Resurrection. With Thomas we rub our eyes to make sure it is not an illusion. We almost put forth our hands with him to see if it is all true, and with him we are doubly convinced.

At Communion time, as the prayer suggests, we relive the Gospel episode, especially if we consider how in ancient times the faithful stretched forth their hands to receive the Sacred Host. "Put out your hand," the prayer says, "and feel the place of the nails, and don't be unfaithful any more but always most faithful." Knowing that the Eucharist is the memorial of His Passion, we can only say with St. Thomas: "My Lord and my God!"

How can we believe in Him and not follow Him? The prayer of the Mass has anticipated our question. It begs God's grace for help in making the actions of our daily lives correspond to our faith in Him. These graces will bring about a new springtime in our spiritual lives as we begin to cultivate the seeds of glory, sown in the holy season just past. With the hopefulness of new life and youth, (cf. stational church and introit) we begin to think of the all-important task of associating ourselves with His victory. (epistle).

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The Mass for the second Sunday after Easter tells us to lift up our eyes—behold, The Good Shepherd stands waiting. We derive great consolation and encouragement from

the assurance that Our Lord, as a sturdy and trustworthy Shepherd, will lead and protect us on this important journey.

The Palestinian shepherd, even as in the time of Christ, spends his life with and for his flock. He will risk his life for his sheep if necessary. The shepherd often has a name for each of his sheep. The sheep know the call or whistle of their shepherd and will respond to no other. In the morning the shepherds call their sheep from the sheepfold, and each shepherd's own sheep come to him and no other. He leads his own small flock in search of pasture; he tirelessly seeks the lost and strayed; the wounded and weak he carries on his shoulders, the lambs in his arms.

Such a shepherd is Our Lord in His care and love for each of us (introit). We were as sheep gone astray, as St. Peter says in the epistle, and Christ gave his life to rescue us. We should be thrilled to hear Him say at Communion: "I know Mine and Mine know Me."

If we know Him, we will serve Him. The Church has us pray all day that our lives may show we are His sheep, that He is our Master. (Collect, secret, and post-communion).

### LOOKING FORWARD

The first part of the third Sunday's Mass dwells on the triumph of Easter (introit). But with the second alleluia verse the Ascension theme comes to the fore: "It was right for Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead, and so to enter into His glory." In fact, these words

are a kind of half-way point between Easter and Ascension, showing the relation between the Passion, Death, and Resurrection and the Ascension, Session, and Triumph of Christ the King. The former are steps to the throne at the right hand of the Father, whence, as Son, He rules the whole world forever (cf. Ps. 109). These words are the prelude to the Ascension theme in the Gospel: "In a little while you will not see Me... because I go to the Father."

He told us that He would go to prepare a place for us, and that from His vantage place He would draw all of us to Him. Then our joy will be full.

We are reminded, however, that our hope of getting home depends not only on our rejection of those worldly ways which will prevent the Good Shepherd from recognizing and helping us, but also on our following those ways which will allow us to be identified as sheep of His fold and members of His beloved Christian flock (collect and secret). If we strive to make and keep ourselves His sheep (post-communion), we can be sure of getting to heaven in a little while to see the Good Shepherd (communion).

### LOOKING UPWARD

By the fourth Sunday after Easter our thoughts are turned to the Ascension. At first there is sadness at the thought of Our Lord's departure, but, when He tells us that it is necessary that He go to the Father and send the Paraclete to ini-

tiate all men in the triumphant happiness of His victory, our sorrow turns to joy (offertory). It is joy over the coming of Pentecost, for this Gospel goes even beyond Ascension to the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. He will bring to completion the work Christ began in our souls at Calvary.

There is also joy, because the Spirit will convict the enemies of Our Lord of sin and error, showing forth His divinity by His Resurrection. The Spirit will vindicate Christ's sanctity by showing Him at the right hand of God.

From the communion prayer we see that by the power of the Holy Spirit we too can convince the world of the perfection of Christ's life in His Church. Our unswerving hope and trust in our resurrection and reward in heaven, regardless of temporal fare, argues for the certainty of our Faith.

Through the Sacraments the Spirit enables us to partake of and carry on the victory of Christ, even making it possible to be one with God (secret)! Thus we begin to realize what great things the Lord has done for our souls (offertory). Little wonder Mother Church has us pray that we may love and keep His commandments (collect) and thus continue Christ's Victory "by putting on Christ" in our attitudes and reactions toward sacrifice, suffering, charity to the family, children, community, neighbor, and all social obligations and opportunities (communion). After all, is not "See how they love one another," the test that

the world applies to Christians? Christ's new commandment of love, sincerely kept, would, in the eyes of the world, be proof of our victory in Christ.

### BE DOERS OF THE WORD

By the fifth Sunday after Easter our hopes and desires of following and being one with Christ reach a climax. Although we know that without Him we can do nothing, at the same time we know that we must do what we can. St. James gives us a strong reminder of our obligations in the epistle: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."

As we determine to follow Him Mother Church starts us off with a lesson on prayer. She would have us begin by praying that He perfect by His grace what we attempt in our weakness (collect). He is our hope. "Most assuredly," He says, "if you ask the Father anything in MY name, He will give it to you." Yes, whatever we ask in keeping with Jesus' plan for us will certainly be granted. God wants us to prosper in His grace that our "joy may be full." These words give us strength and courage; Christ continues to love and help us. He is still the Good Shepherd even in heaven. He will not let us go astray (offertory), but will watch us come closer to Him day by day (communion). What we have begun by prayer we hope to continue in charity and sacrifice in a life devoted entirely to God in Baptism and frequent Communion (epistle and secret).

We have been saved, indeed, snatched from danger by Christ by His Passion and Death, but we must strive on toward victory till danger itself is completely overcome. Only Christ and the saints have this complete victory. Our victory with Him will only come when we have not merely looked but actually gone forward and upward after this life to be with Him in His glory. By the feast of the Ascension He teaches us that our destiny is in heaven with Christ, when He says in the Gospel of the Mass for the vigil: "Father, I have accomplished the work that Thou hast given Me to do... I come to Thee... the glory that Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, that they may be one, even as We are One... that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us."



**Take my advice . . . don't stand in the doorway when the services end!**

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## JESUS CHRIST THE SON OF GOD

By Alban Goodier, S.J.

A CHRISTIAN is one who not merely believes in Jesus Christ, but believes that Jesus Christ was and is actually God. It may seem to unbelievers an extravagance; to many it may appear arrogant; "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles folly"; nevertheless, the Christian does not flinch; he distinguishes his Master from every other, and he knows not only that he believes, but that he has grounds for his belief which compel the acceptance of everyone who really understands. Jesus Christ is truly God, at the same time that, and in the same measure that, He is truly man; upon that truth the whole of Christianity has been built.

In this whole-hearted acceptance, then, does Christianity separate itself from every other faith. It does

not make much of Jesus Christ because He was a great Master, because He developed some epoch-making moral code, because He wrote some book; Jesus Christ wrote no book. It does not honor Him as the greatest reformer of His nation; Christians belong to every nation, most do not belong to the nation of Christ, by His own people He was rejected. Nor is His Name to the true Christian a memory and no more; His life is not merely a fact of past history, a record of long ages past, preserved by some lasting monument; to the Christian Jesus Christ lives still, as really and truly as when He trod the streets of Nazareth, as when He ate and drank amongst men; to the Christian "He dieth now no more"; to him He is "yesterday, today, and the same for

Selected chapter from *Jesus Christ, The Son of God*, by Alban Goodier, S.J. A Grail Publication. St. Meinrad, Ind. \$1.25.

ever."

This obstinate fact of Jesus Christ, and of the Christian's faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of Man, the Son of God, has withstood every test, every opposition. It is as fresh today as when His follower first declared: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" as when another follower, with his hand in His opened side, knelt before Him and exclaimed: "My Lord and my God!" The personality of Christ, that utter truthfulness which belongs to God alone, has survived in all its vigor, while all that would give it the lie has perished. He was rejected by His own, yet they are gone and He remains; excommunicated, yet His temple stands, and of theirs "not a stone is left upon a stone"; condemned and crucified, yet His Cross has become the glory of the world; His own were and are but weaklings, yet from Him they have learned to "rejoice that they are accounted worthy to suffer some things for the name of Christ."

As it was with Him in His day, so it has been with Him in every day since; always, as the prophet foretold, as He Himself foretold, He has been "a sign which shall be contradicted"; and yet always, with a vigor which has never waned, nay increasing in area with every generation, the belief in Jesus Christ, Son of Man, Son of God, has lived on. Religion has denied, and has closed up its ears against the seeming blasphemy; has done to death by millions those who proclaimed the belief; it has not stopped the torrent. Science has ridiculed; has "proved"

the absurdity of this belief; the belief is as virile as ever. Philosophy has pondered, and has stood still before this "stumbling-block"; it has made no difference. Criticism has examined; has shown this Christ to be a myth, His followers to have been but madmen; criticism has destroyed itself, and the fact of Christ, Son of Man, Son of God, has emerged again from the cloud of dust that had been created. Ignorance has roared with laughter, and He has survived; false praise has flattered, has placed Him on the pinnacle of the temple, has offered the whole world to be His kingdom if He would but forgo that last title; Jesus Christ, Son of Man, Son of God, has passed all this by, and wins the world by His own weapons, in spite of every temptation to win it by surrender.

All this is a matter of fact which the most unlettered may discover and test for himself; when men say that Christianity is waning, they know not what they say. They will point to one single man in whom the faith is dead; they shut their eyes to the millions in whom it is as their life's blood. They will show on the map this spot where it appears to have lost its vitality, another where its fruits are said to be evil; they will not look the whole world round, and see this mighty tree spreading ever farther its branches, until the whole world is coming beneath its shade, towering as ever, fresh and green and fruitful, despite the dead leaves and withered twigs that from time to time gather round its root.

When we look back and ask our-

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selves upon what all this is built, from what it has come, who was this Jesus Christ in whom Christians believe even unto death, the paradox is greater than ever. This man who emerged from a despised upland village, with no special training, no special experience of the ways and minds of men, who wrote no book, founded no school of thought, stirred no national movement, used no weapon for His conquest, raised no monument that His memory or His words might be remembered, who in nothing that He did can be classified with the other great reformers of the world—this is the man that has awakened all the ages, whose memory lives as does no other, whose vitality today is alive, while that of all others is dead, living only in the books they have written or the monuments they have left behind them.

Criticism has studied the phenomenon and has sought for an explanation. To quote its conclusions, its theories to solve the riddle of the facts, serves no useful purpose; one after another they have been set aside, criticism itself has discarded them as worthless. Then it has turned to seek for the solution in the Man Himself; and step by step it has risen to a grand confession. That Jesus Christ lived, it says, no man can doubt; that He was what history records Him, that, too, is absolutely certain.

And what does history record of Him? Criticism has looked again, and it has confessed His utter greatness; it has looked a third time, and it has declared that He is demonstrably the greatest Man that this

world has seen. Again it has looked and has acknowledged that the greatness of this Man is unlike that of any other; it is a greatness all-including, all-transcending; it is unique, the like of Him was never seen before, and will never be seen again; it is a greatness greater than belongs to mere man. This Jesus Christ, it says, must have been more than man; in Himself, in His personality, in His influence, in His effects, there is that about Him which is more than human; in some sense He is divine.

So far has criticism gone; criticism that has had no heart for this conclusion, that had some far different end in view when it set out upon its researches. The Christian watches the development and wonders why criticism has chosen to stop there. If Jesus Christ is all this, if He is unblemished truth, then He is more than this also, for He has declared Himself to be very God. History records it, in language and with evidence that only ignorance can venture to deny; even His enemies confess it in spite of themselves. Reason, the first of human guides, is driven to accept it; its only escape is to declare beforehand that Jesus Christ, Man and God, is a thing which cannot, shall not be.

And last of all, deep down in the heart of every man there is a wistful longing to which this fact of Christ, truly Man and truly God, appeals with superhuman force. In the heart of every one of us, if we will listen to it, there is a voice crying out: "Oh! that it might be so! That God might come to man, in order

that man might be one with God!" It is not St. Paul alone that pities man for this unceasing craving; nor St. Augustine alone that, on this very account, declares man to be "naturally Christian"; there is something in us all which confesses that this fact of Jesus Christ, Son of Man and Son of God, at once human and divine, uniting God and Man in Himself, wholly above nature and above comprehension as it is, is also wholly consonant with human nature.

No; the Christian does no foolish thing, he lives in no dreamland, he follows no shadow, when he adopts the name of Jesus Christ, and puts his faith in Him and sets Him up

for his ideal. He knows that he is right, that fact, and reason, and human nature are with him; and for those who do not see with him he can only feel compassion. With most it is only that they do not know; and for those, with his Master, he can pray: "Father, they know not!" With some it is that they will not; and for these, again with his Master, he can only lament and mourn. With a few—please God with a very few—it is malice that "will not serve"; and for these the Christian bears in mind that to the end his Lord shall be "a sign to be contradicted," but that in spite of all He is Master, and "of His kingdom there shall be no end."



## The Splendor of Suffering

fourth century A. D.

The Bishops and priests of Africa were plunged into dungeons and mines. They died after a slow and frightful agony. "A naked earth," St. Cyprian writes to them, "receives your harassed limbs; but it is not a torture to be laid upon the ground side by side with Christ. You have no clothing to protect you from cold. But one is sufficiently covered, indeed most richly dressed, when he has put on Christ. They have forced ignominy upon you in your half-shaven head; but because Christ is the head of man, such well becometh a head ennobled by the confession of a Christian name. Are you crushed by pain? Are you nailed to your bed of infirmity? Are you reduced to abject misery, laid low, annihilated? Cherish your weakness. Accept it with a smile, and understand the redeeming price of the sufferings of Christ who suffers in you."

## MOVIE OF THE MONTH

# Storm Warning

by Seamus Fleming

I AM usually somewhat unimpressed by the ads for "controversial" pictures. You know—the ones which talk about "the picture they were afraid to make." In general, these films pussyfoot around their subject so carefully, to avoid alienating any prospective customer, that they end up about as exciting as the Congressional Record—less exciting, in fact, since some interesting material does manage to break into the Record once in a while.

Usually, these films seem to come to some such startling conclusion as, "Murder is bad," or "Juvenile delinquency should be stopped," or "Intolerance is not at all nice"—worthy sentiments, but not worthy of banner headlines. They are sentiments, that is, which everyone in the audience can agree with heartily, while keeping on with his own contributions to juvenile delinquency or intolerance. On the other hand, you have the film which makes its hero so heroic and its villains so villainous that they have no discernable relation to real life.

It is for these reasons that I am inclined to cheer when such a film as "Storm Warning," produced by Warner Bros., makes an appearance in the theatres. Here is a film on in-



Murder in a back street

tolerance which treats intolerance as it is, rather than as a product of some never-never-land far, far away. For this reason, and particularly in comparison with the usual mild movie treatment of such a theme, it has a great deal of audience impact—so much so, that I thoroughly agree with the Legion of Decency in recommending it for mature audiences only. It is actually much more emotionally violent than any of the blood-and-thunder epics turned out for the younger set; the Draculas and Franksteins are, in a way, not much different than an older version of the brothers Grimm. But this picture is very obviously no fairy tale.

The plot concerns itself with a model (Ginger Rogers) who comes



### In the hands of the clan

to a small town to visit her married sister (Doris Day). Walking through the town from the station, she sees a mob of Klansmen murder a man and sees, unmasked, the member of the Klan who commits the actual murder. The rest of the story is concerned with her decision whether or not to testify against him, particularly after she finds that the murderer is her sister's husband, and with the Klan's efforts to intimidate her.

I will admit that the film has its faults. Its plot is, in its complications, almost soap-operaish—not only is the murderer married to her sister, but her sister is pregnant, just to render our heroine's decision more difficult. There are also points in this film, as in most others of the type, when the producers seem to give way to a not too latent streak of sadism. Admittedly, the subject is brutality, but, as with most of the so-called "realistic" artists, the cinema type seems unable to see any

limits; if their object is to portray brutality, they do it whole hog—leave nothing to the imagination of the audience.

I think, incidentally, that this is one of my main objections to the too-realistic movie—it leaves no room for the imagination. The audience becomes entirely passive, letting the artist do all the work, instead of itself taking part in the artistic experience. If the artist, whether literary or dramatic, provides every word of conversation, every bit of scenery, all the emotional reactions, what remains for the reader or the play-goer but the role of spectator?

Be that as it may, most films, when they study violence, go overboard; they have to show every bit of violence which occurs. This one, for instance, treats the audience to the spectacle of the heroine being flogged by Klansmen in an attempt to impress upon her that she should not testify against the murderer.

I do not say that such items as this flogging have no place in the film—there are on record much more atrocious methods by which the Klan has silenced opposition—but I am sure that art does not require that the film show every stroke of the whip. Unless, of course, the producers feel that in this way they can bring to the box-office the same people who used to satisfy their blood-urge through the Klan, before it fell into its present almost universal ill-repute.

Compared with the total effect of the film, however, these are minor matters. Particularly I would rec-

commend it for two reasons—because it considers a real, individual moral case rather than high-flown, and rather empty banalities, and because it considers one of the neglected aspects of intolerance—the effect upon the intolerant person. The murderer, played by Steve Cochran, is a horribly fascinating study in the brutalizing effect his own brutality can have upon a man. Amazingly enough, too, both Miss Rogers and Miss Day do fine jobs with their rather exacting parts.

Definitely a worth-while film but not, I repeat, for children.

**I** WANT to devote part of this column to *not reviewing a film*. You may possibly also get this information from other sources, but, on the offchance that you don't, I will mention it here.

A film, called "Because of Eve," a film on sex hygiene, is being peddled to various local movie houses across the country—among them theatres in Indiana and Wisconsin. Part of the producers' sales talk is that the film has been recommended by several Roman Catholic bishops—not, apparently, listed by name. It is a truism that the truth seldom can catch up with a lie—but we can try, at least.

The Legion of Decency has issued a statement concerning the film; I do not have the exact wording at hand, but the gist of it is this: The film, "Because of Eve," has not been classified by the Legion, because (note this well) it has not been made available to the Legion's reviewers. However, (and the Legion states

this very definitely), it has *not* been recommended by any responsible ecclesiastical authority. Further, the Legion says, although the film has not been classified, the Legion strongly recommends that all Catholics avoid any such film showing, because of the great moral danger present in showing such matter in a theatre to a general audience.

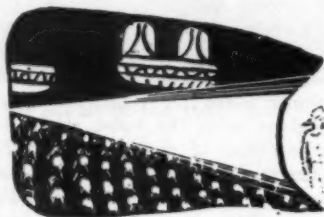
I might further add that it is the general teaching among Catholic moralists and educators that the proper place for education in sex hygiene is in the home, under the supervision of the parents, rather than in a classroom, where no allowance can be made for the individual personality development or background. If such education is so much the duty of parents that it should not be delegated even to Catholic teachers, how much less can it be delegated to a movie camera?

The above statement from the Legion of Decency was issued the last week in February; the situation in regard to this particular film may have changed by the time the Grail reaches you, but I doubt it strongly. In any event, it seems fairly obvious that it is unwise to believe a publicity man when he says a member of the hierarchy recommends his product, unless he is willing to name names and quote statements—for which he can be held liable in law.

It seems very unlikely that a member of the hierarchy will ever recommend such a picture for general public showing. One might, just possibly, say a particular film might be suitable for classroom showing, under rigidly controlled supervision—



but that is a far different thing from showing it to the whole neighborhood at a matinee. I might note, incidentally, that the only theatres in Chicago in which such films are shown are the few last strongholds of burlesque in that city—which proves something, I think.



## RECOMMENDED MOVIES

### ■ For the family

Breakthrough  
Kim  
King Solomon's Mines  
The Mudlark  
Operation Disaster  
The Titan  
The Milkman

### ■ For Adults

Cyrano de Bergerac  
American Guerrilla  
The Glass Menagerie  
Harvey  
Let's Dance  
Mr. Music  
Trio  
So Long at the Fair  
The Blue Lamp  
Of Men and Music  
Sugarfoot

## Books for May

Order from the Grail Office  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

### THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

The story of Fatima truly told and charmingly illustrated. 144 pages. Cloth \$2.00. Paper \$1.00.

### THE MEDAL

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

What is the Miraculous Medal? What is the story behind the Medal upon which God's Mother has shown so much favor? 106 pages. \$2.00.

### OUR LADY'S SLAVE

by Mary Fabyan Windeatt

St. Louis De Montfort spent his life serving Mary. He sought to spread a strong and true devotion to Our Lady. 200 pages. \$2.50.

### OUR LADY'S TINKER

by Marie Chaminade

The founder of the Marianist Order survived the terror of the French Revolution and dedicated his life to serving God's Mother. 57 pages. \$1.25.

### QUEEN OF MILITANTS

by Emil Neubert, S.M., S.T.D.

Doing battle for Christ under the banner of Mary. . . . 144 pages. Cloth \$2.00, paper \$1.25.

### THE MARIANIST YEAR

Here are some practical meditations on the principal feasts of Our Blessed Mother throughout the Church Year. 233 pages. \$2.00.



## Good Reading

**KON-TIKI.** By Thor Heyerdahl.  
Translated by F. H. Lyon. Rand  
McNally & Company, 111 Eighth  
Ave., New York 11, N. Y. 304 pp.  
\$4.00.

Six strangers, an idea, three months' turmoil in getting ready, a hundred days floating a foot and a half above the ocean, catching sharks with bare hands, storms, man overboard, a crash landing, medicine men. That, and more is *Kon-Tiki*. With a vivid imagination disciplined by a soberly scientific attitude, Thor Heyerdahl relates what happened when he and five others made a log raft and, shoving off from the coast of Peru, sailed 4300 miles to the South Sea Islands. The currents and the winds and the denizens of the deep kept the little group on their toes—and became material for one of the most refreshing adventure stories of modern times.

The whole book is incredible. When you pick it up you say to yourself: No one could carry out an idea like these men had. So you read on to prove your own supposition and are astonished to realize that it all really did happen after all. And there are eighty very good photographs to give additional proof, if you need any. Which you won't.

APRIL, 1951

**Kon-Tiki**

**Miracle at Carville**

**The Fresh and Open Sky**

**Dialogue with an Angel**

**The Meaning of Fatima**

Once you start reading this book you step out on the raft and you stay on it until it crashes on the coral reef. You can feel these men's faith and cheer and courage. The smooth rhythm of the translation makes these men's experiences the reader's own. You feel as though you had been there, too, when you read such passages as: "The whole sea was ours, and, with all the gates of the horizon open, real peace and freedom were wafted down from the firmament itself. It was as though the fresh salt tang in the air, and all the blue purity that surrounded us, had washed and cleansed both body and soul."

The only adverse criticism that might be made about the book is that, after these men had so visibly been carried in the hands of God for three full months, they do not express their gratitude by even one word of thanks.

This is a book to read, to enjoy, and to thank God for. Don't miss it.

*Michael Keene, O.S.B.*



**MIRACLE AT CARVILLE.** By Betty Martin. Edited by Evelyn Wells. Doubleday & Company, Inc. 14 West 49th St., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y. 302 pp. \$3.00.

One might call *Miracle at Carville*, like *Kon-Tiki*, an adventure story. It is that, but in a very different way. It is much more. It is a life. And God is in it. The story, true in every detail except for a change in the real names of the persons involved, tells of a young girl, with all of life and happiness before her, and how she learns that she has become afflicted with leprosy. Unbelief, anguish, despair must be overcome. The girl is taken to Carville, the national leprosarium in southern Louisiana. The book gives her account of her twenty years of battling the disease, of her gradual change from self-seeking to a keen sympathy for her fellow-sufferers, of how she helps the patients by teaching, research, and planning entertainments to cheer them up, of her marriage with a fellow-patient, and of the final triumph of herself and her husband over leprosy.

This is indeed adventure, even though not quite of the same kind as that to be found in *Kon-Tiki*. The story, nevertheless, is deeper and fuller than *Kon-Tiki*, and every bit as interesting. Although one might expect to find melodrama and sentimentality in a book of this type, it will be discovered that the book is surprisingly sane and sound and true to life.

Though the account of this girl's courage is deeply interesting in it-

self, the author had another purpose in writing the book. She wants to put an end to mistaken ideas about leprosy. It is pointed out that now, with certain new drugs, there is an excellent chance of recovery from leprosy. The author also holds that leprosy is the least communicable of all communicable diseases. But perhaps the chief reason why this girl wrote the story of her life was to awaken as many people as possible to the fact that very often terribly tragic injustice is the lot of this group of sick people. Through her profoundly moving, but very objective narrative, leprosy (technically called "Hansen's Disease") will of course be recognized in all its seriousness, but an irrational fear of the disease will be removed.

Not least in interest in the pages of this book are Betty Martin's expert word studies of the inhabitants of Carville. We learn of characters of all types, good and bad, and we admire the unselfish devotion of the Sisters of Charity who have dedicated their lives to caring for the lepers of Carville.

Betty Martin is a Catholic, and her faith carried her through her twenty long years of suffering. Yes, this is an adventure story, and even though *Kon-Tiki* heads the list of best sellers, if I had to choose between the two, *Kon-Tiki* or *Miracle at Carville*, I would take *Miracle at Carville* every time.

Michael Keene, O.S.B.

#### THE FRESH AND OPEN SKY.

By Richard Sullivan. Henry Holt and Company, Inc., 257 Fourth

THE GRAIL

Ave., New York 10, N. Y. 210 pp.  
\$3.00.

What was said of Richard Sullivan's first novel, *Summer after Summer*, can well be repeated of his first published collection of short stories: it gives "a memorable experience of the pathos and the joy, the little agonies and the little ecstasies of common life" (*Ave Maria* 56:506). Nothing highly exciting or noticeably exceptional is provided by the collection. Still, the stories, individually and collectively, should find a deserving place on any shelf of quality fiction, and for the adult reader they will supply some precious moments of pleasure. All of the stories, except one, have appeared previously in such magazines as *The New Yorker*, *Accent*, *Charm*, and other periodicals.

The author's chief literary virtue has been named as his ability "to write of ordinary good people with pure artistic excellence" (Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B.), and, perhaps, more accurately, "to depict in the simplest language possible the simplest possible of situations" (*Commonweal* 36:396). Certainly, this quality predominates in all of the stories in *The Fresh and Open Sky*. None of the stories offers a situation that cannot be repeated many times over. And yet none of them can be told in a style that is more brilliantly clear or more attractive in its neat, concrete detail. It is this writer's art to be able to catch in a clear vision the truth and beauty that attaches to every phase of human life and to concretize that

vision in language which is as alive and colorful as a painter's brush.

The reader will undoubtedly become aware of the apparent lack of conflict in Sullivan's stories. Save for "The Dream of Drums" and "The Weight of the Sky," the stories do not present the struggle between forces that is usual to this art-form. Not that a conflict is not involved; rather, the conflict is subdued, and the feelings attendant upon the action are emphasized. For this reason, the interest of many readers will lag, unless they learn not to expect the thrill of a complicated action that leads to a climax, but to share in the emotional experiences and richness of feeling which some of the simplest situations in life provide.

At times, too, as in "A Rough Green Tree" and "Compline," the writer becomes too naive, and the reader has to dig for the real value because the story is told in an impressionistic manner that only vaguely suggests the meaning.

In the larger number of stories, however, the reader will find a genuine picture of a variety of phases of life. In each picture, whether it be of the warm feeling of two chums ("The Fresh and Open Sky"), or of the pathetic love of a feared man ("A Queer Kind of Sorrow"), or of the brass of the back-slapper ("Old Pal"), or of the shamed conscience of a husband ("The Girl Next Door"), or of the beautiful love that exists in a family ("The Women")—there will be that honest quality which makes the reader feel: "Yes,

that's just the way it is," or, "That's just the way it can be."

Jude Woerdeman, O.S.B.

#### DIALOGUE WITH AN ANGEL.

By Sister Mary Jeremy. The Devin-Adair Company, 23 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y. 47 pp. \$2.00.

In the less than fifty pages of *Dialogue With An Angel* are collected some thirty-nine poems by Sister Mary Jeremy, some of which have been printed previously in various periodicals over the last eighteen years. The first ones appeared around 1933, and the present book was published in 1949. There was no particular fanfare, except for a poetry award at the start, with the appearance of these poems, nor did the collected edition leap into that bracket of books where "those-who-know" rush around brandishing a Best Seller List, demanding "Have YOU read this?" This book is of the type that has a steady, unsensational growth, handed on with a quiet "Do read this" from one lover of fine literature to another. Sooner or later, and with growing frequency, the poems will gain permanent places in anthologies. The reader should have such joy from falling unexpectedly over these poems that he will forget to kick himself for not having found them sooner.

Most of the poems are short. There is an economy of words but meticulous care in their use which does not, however, hamper the richness of imagery nor limit the flights of imagination evoked. And how wide the appeal! The exacting critic

cannot help but read the verses without respect for their form, for the patterns are carried out superbly. Half rhymes appear now and then to escape any monotony, and that means the poems are not just to be scanned with the eye. They must be read to catch the harmony in the modulation of vowel sounds and endings. A certain sophistication in craftsmanship and mastery of traditional verse forms lands Sister Mary Jeremy very respectably with those charming religious poets of the seventeenth century: Crashaw, Donne, Vaughan and Herrick. Perfection of form and content were wedded happily then—and such art is too seldom found today.

The poems are not just intellectual or sophisticated religious exercises. They flower with each reading, revealing more warmth, more depth, and more power, revealing a talent mature and widespread. The title poem of the volume is cryptic enough to delight the most effete intellectual, but for all that, in its few short verses, Man, steeped as he is in Original Sin, is treated with all the tenderness of his angel conversationalist. His bright reward is foreshadowed in these words of the angel,

"In cold and dark the root of sorrow grows  
Until the bitter branch has flowered,"

and his fearfulness is picked out nicely when the angel calls him "mistrustful mind, since Eden still the same."

Not all the poems have this austerity of intellect. There are three,

*The Story Hour* (far warmer even in its brevity than all the lush verbiage of Longfellow's *The Children's Hour*), *Winter Fable*, and *Seminar*, that call up the most delightful catalogue of childhood favorites from the elfland of Hans Christian Andersen, the Lang Brothers, or the Midsummer's eve folk of Shakespeare's imagination.

In another field, *The Bargain* teaches with its first verse "Pain is money in hand not in pocket" as effective a lesson in the always current value of mortification as *Night-Piece* does on penance in a more austere form. *Magdalen's Song*, *Mother of Fair Love*, and *Postcommunion* lack no warmth in the same religious field, despite the economy of six- or eight-verse stanzas.

There are seven poems dealing almost exclusively with the seasons and nature, poems that evoke easily the warmth of the season, its coldness, its freshness or its mature fullness. *Quasi Myrrha Electa* with its first verse, "How well earth wins to God in fragrances," gathers all the colors and smells that delight one during the day in a garden and then adds to the picture the distillation of perfumes in the same garden at night, both sides of the picture hanging on the verse, "we remember His garments' smell of spikenard and amber."

*Ballad of Three Kings* is like so many pages of the *Golden Legend* with the color, story and simple faith found in Varagine's compilation of Christian lore.

Three poems, *My Sister Sleeps*, *Homage*, and *The Candle Lighter*,

spring directly from the religious life, *My Sister Sleeps* in particular answering very cleverly and wisely the stock objections of waste and sterility launched by worldlings at convent or community life. In *The Candle Lighter*, a simple picture of the Sister Sacristan lighting the altar candles for Complin, there is rich imagery of color and poetic form flickering on the surface, but a familiar word here and there lights up suddenly a whole scene from the Old Testament, the Psalms or the Apocalypse. *Saint in Winter*, too, with just three words, recalls as only one of its riches the whole of a familiar and well-loved psalm.

In a sonnet to Gerard Manley Hopkins, the poet reads his genius rightly and deeply when she writes of him

"Who learned in stormy darkness  
to assess

The cost of the irrevocable yes,"

and praises him for his "Fair choice to slip the part and win the excellent whole."

The varied and frequent use of the word "blue" in several of the poems is indicative of Sister Mary Jeremy's thought and talent. The gentle coolness of the word is reflected in a certain sophistication of form in the poems; its clarity and depth reach out beyond just the surface to peer into the supernatural, showing an awareness of what lies behind the beauties of nature, relishing both, seeking the one through the other. The publishers have done well, too, in making the format of the book carry out in color (blue) and

make-up the simplicity and appeal of Sister Mary Jeremy's poems.

*Alaric Scotcher, O.S.B.*

**THE MEANING OF FATIMA.** By C. C. Martindale, S.J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St., New York 7, N.Y. 183 pp. \$2.50.

This work concerning the appearances at Fatima is meant to be different. Father Martindale did not wish merely to add another simple account of the events of Fatima to an already long list of such books. On the contrary, he wished to make his work the complement of what has already been published, and, to a great extent at least, he has succeeded.

Writing after so many others, he had the advantage of being able to read their works first, and to make use of their findings. Though in one sense the whole story of Fatima cannot yet be written, it is time, relatively speaking, for a full critical treatment of the entire Fatima affair. That Father Martindale is capable of such a task will not be doubted by the reading public, to whom he is no stranger.

Father Martindale not only had access to all the documents which are of importance regarding the matter, but he was also able to get direct testimony from Lucia herself, one of the three children to whom our Blessed Lady appeared. Moreover, he spent much time in and around the scene of the apparitions in Portugal and met many of the persons who played a part in this wonderful drama.

The author's idea in this book is

to present us with the history of Our Lady of Fatima, not according to the time order of the events, but according to the order in which the news of them reached the people. Though he had necessarily to repeat some things that have already been said by others, Father Martindale tried to limit such repetition as much as possible. Moreover, he wished to avoid merely borrowing material already used by others.

The task he set for himself was to place the Fatima story in its own setting. All that took place is colored by the nature and the customs of the place and the people in whose midst it occurred. Hence we cannot appreciate the account of Fatima fully unless we take into consideration, for example, the unlettered peasant children of Portugal.

Of great value and importance in this book is the summary of Catholic doctrine concerning private revelations. The author has placed this summary in his introduction to the book. As he states, public revelation was closed with the Apostles. Hence, no new revelation is to be expected which would contain doctrinal matter hitherto unrevealed. This has always been the mind of the Church. The doctrinal content of any private revelation must be in agreement with the doctrine that has always been held in the Church.

If a private revelation is made to us and if we know that it is truly from God, we are, of course, bound to believe it. The Church does not, however, oblige us to accept private revelations made to others. The approval that the Church gives to such



revelations is no more than an affirmation that they are probably true and worthy of pious belief. This approval given to such revelations usually contains permission for a certain cult, and this cult will ultimately have its basis, not in the authenticity of the new revelation, but in the Catholic doctrine that is independent of such. Thus, devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary is genuine Catholic practice, and no inconvenience would be caused if one or other of the reported appearances of Our Lady would be shown to lack authenticity.

In some cases, however, the evidence is so strong that it would seem rash to deny the reality of the apparition and of the revelation. Such evidence is found in the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to St. Bernadette at Lourdes, and we may say that such evidence is also found in the appearance of Our Lady to the three children at Fatima.

Father Martindale gives some interesting facts about Mary and the foundation of Portugal, and he shows that Fatima is situated in the midst of cities that had a close relation to Our Blessed Lady. All in all, we can agree with others and join them in giving much praise to this work of Father Martindale.

*Patrick Shaughnessy, O.S.B.*



## Shorter Notices

We hope you haven't overlooked *St. Francis and the Wolf of Gubbio* and *Noah's Ark*, both written by Marie-Celeste Fadden. You have no idea of how utterly charming the color illustrations of these two books are, and the accompanying text is equally delightful. The children will love them, and so will everyone else. The book about St. Francis sells for \$1.50, and the one about the Ark for \$2.00. Need we tell you? You can get either of the books (but why not get both?) from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Ind. Ahem.

The Catholic Book Publishing Co. (257 West 17th St., New York 11, N.Y.) has lately brought out a very attractive daily Missal. It is called the *Saint Joseph Daily Missal*, and it was edited by Father Hugo H. Hoefer, S.O.Cist. English is used throughout, except for the Ordinary of the Mass, where both the Latin text and its English translation are given. Among the good points of this 1312-page Missal are the clear legibility of the text, ease of reference, and the simplicity of the translation. For the Epistles and the Gospels, the Confraternity text is used. Prices range, according to the binding, from \$3.75 to \$16.00.

*The Miniature Question Box*, by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., is a little book that you will find most useful, both for yourself and for your non-Catholic friends who sincerely want to learn more about the Catholic Church. The book is an abridgment of the large, 480-page volume (the non-miniature *Question Box*) by the same author, but it is

not meant to supplant the larger book. Rather, in its pocket-book size and some 236 pages, it is meant to supply the quick answers that must

so often be given. Single copies are 45¢, postpaid. The book is published by The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th St., New York 19, N.Y.

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#### OUR BACK COVER THOUGHT

The Bible, that wisest of all books, has much to say about the use of speech, but nothing more significant than the passage from the book of Proverbs (18,21): "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Warning his disciples that much talking will always lead to sin of some kind, Saint Benedict quotes this text from Proverbs in the sixth chapter of his rule.

As lay people living in the midst of an avalanche of words from those around you, or from the incessant yakity-yak of the radio or T-V, economy of speech may seem like an impossible virtue. Yet without it we can hardly avoid injuring our neigh-

**Death and life are in the power of the tongue.** Rule of St. Benedict, Chapter 6.

bor. If we examine our conscience honestly, we see how much sadness we could have spared others if we had kept silent when it was in our power to hurt another or even to break a human heart. For nothing is more completely beyond recall than the ugly, bitter words spoken while we were excited by anger or envy, which now nestle like sharp barbs in some human heart, festering there and poisoning the life of the victim. An evil word can kill, and a good and kind word spoken to another has in it the life-giving power of charity and joy. How truly spoken are the words, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue."



## PANIC IN THE PULPIT

**T**HE cathedral was packed with people for the close of Forty Hours as the nervous young missionary mounted the pulpit. Though he was aware of the sea of upturned faces before him, the priest saw no one in particular, for his mind was clutching desperately at the carefully memorized theme of his sermon. There was a hush as he quoted a text and then warmed to his subject.

Perhaps it was the cat that walked out of the confessional, or perhaps it was the young mother who left with her screaming infant—but the preacher's mind went suddenly blank. Silence exploded all around the pulpit. Panic raced through his nervous system as he tried to remember his third point. He must say something. In desperation he spoke the first words that popped into his mind. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Still the third point evaded him. "These are not my words," the desperate priest bravely thundered, "but the words of Our Lord... a house... a house divided against itself cannot stand." As he uttered these last words the elusive third point came to his mind; he brought the sermon to an impressive conclusion and left the pulpit.

To his surprise, a man came into the rectory after the services to congratulate him on his sermon. "I'm not a Catholic, Father, but tonight what you said was made to order for me..." The missionary thought with some pride of his careful preparation, his measured sentences and the meaty quotations from Cardinal Newman. "And what," he asked smilingly, "was the passage that moved you, my friend?"

"Father, it was something about 'house divided against itself cannot stand.' That's our home all right—a house divided. My wife and the kids are Catholic and I'm Protestant, but we won't be divided long. I want to take instructions as soon as I can."

death  
and life  
are in the  
power of  
the Tongue

Rule of S. Benedict

Fr. Hilary O.S.B.  
St. John's Abbey  
Collegeville, Minnesota

